

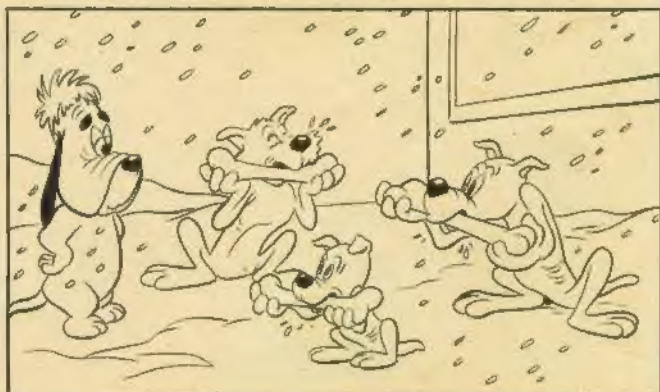
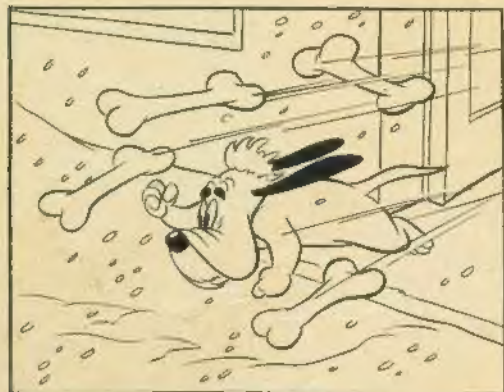
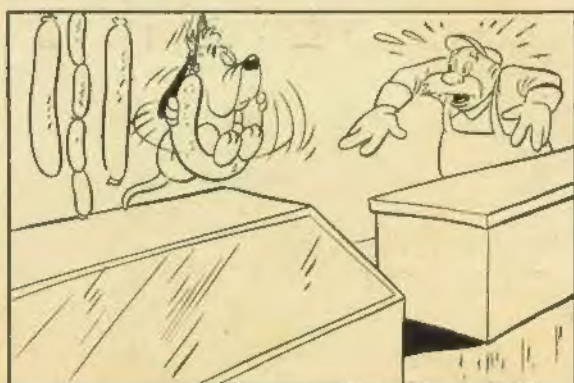
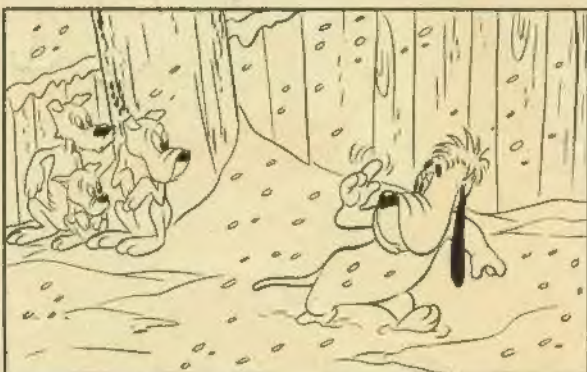
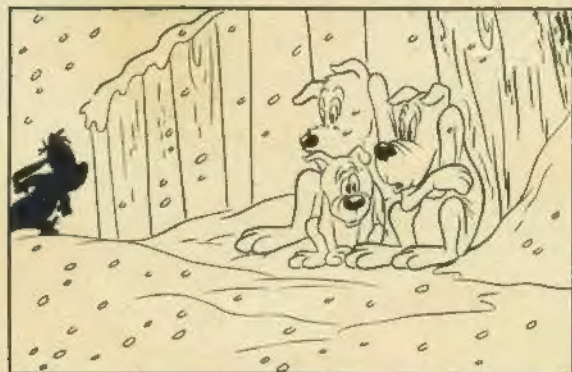
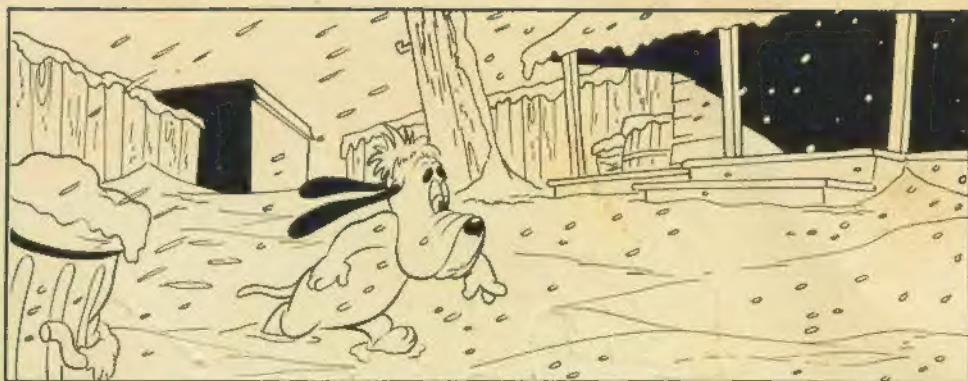
A DELL COMIC • A DELL COMIC •
DELL
• A DELL COMIC •

NOV. 10¢

and **Tom Jerry** comics

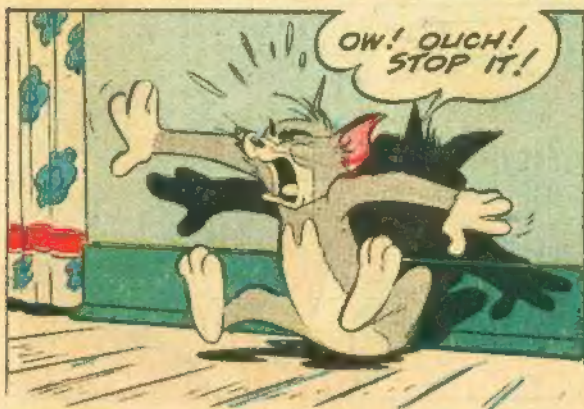
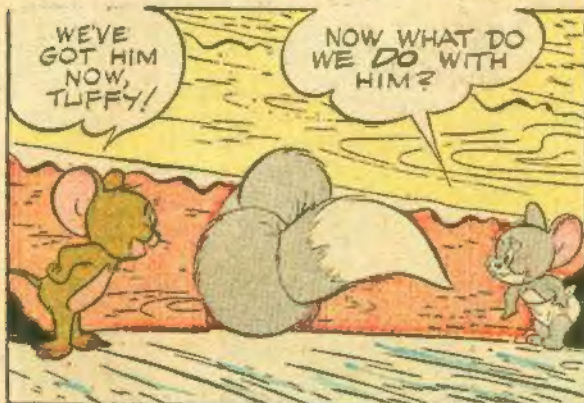
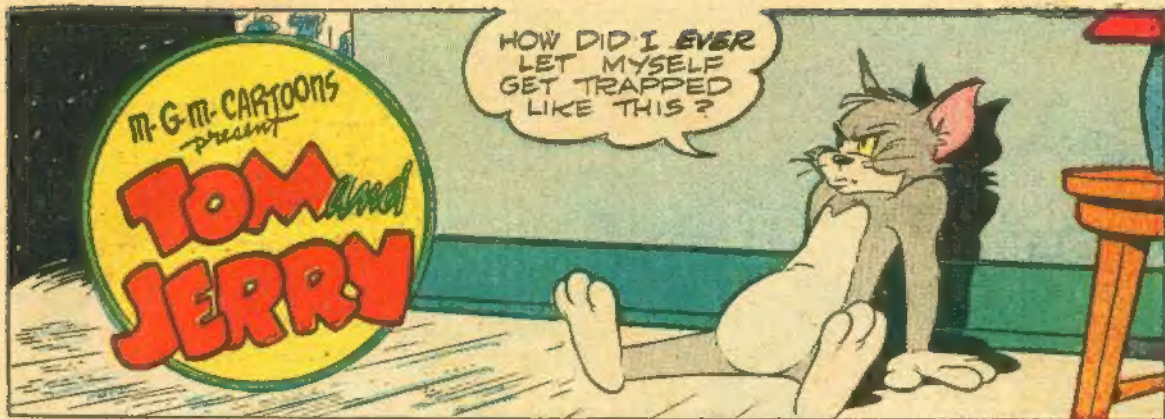


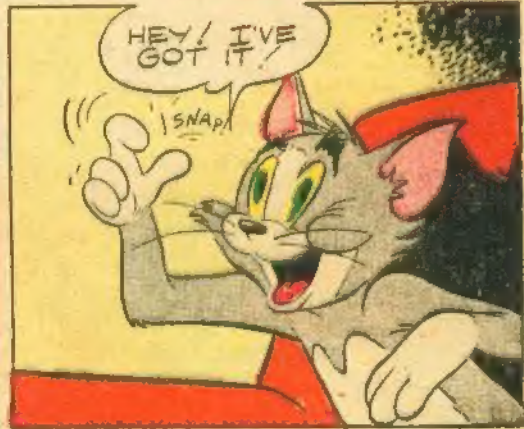
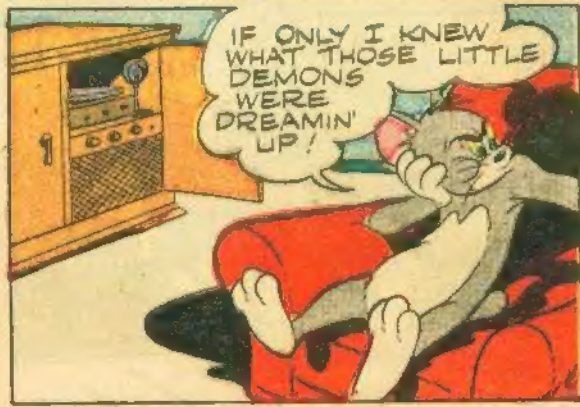
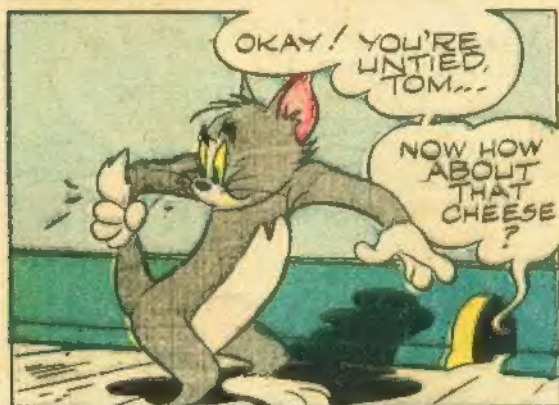
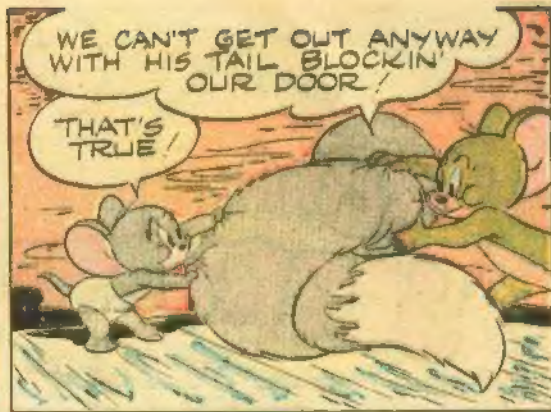
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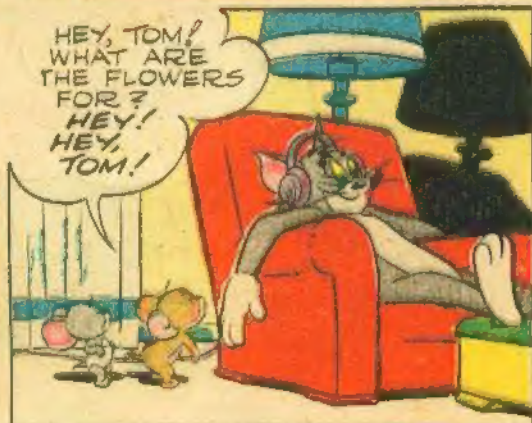
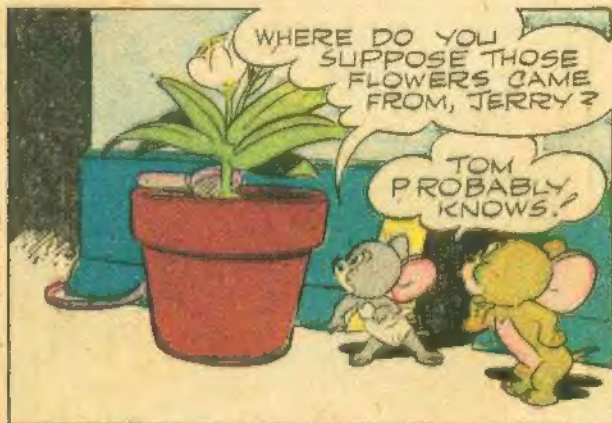
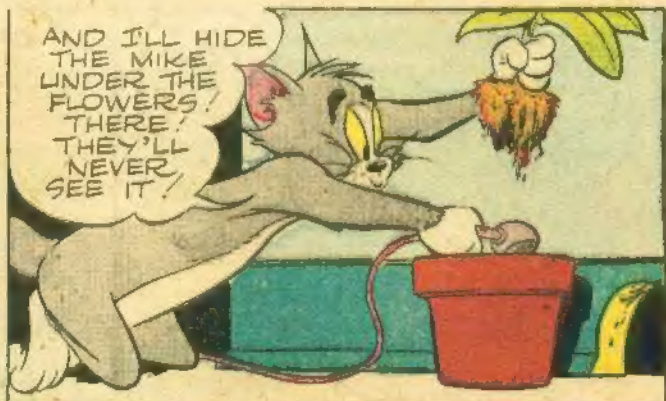
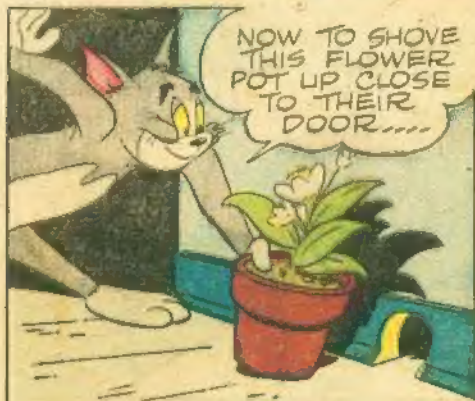
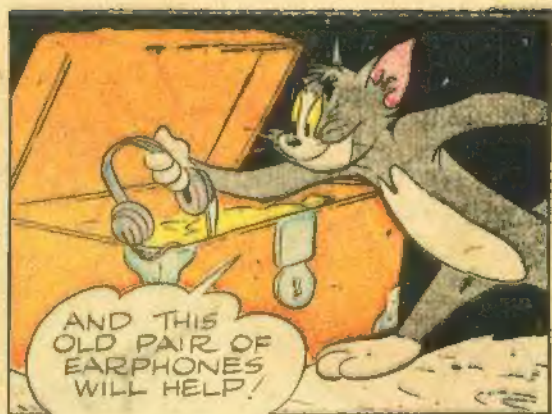
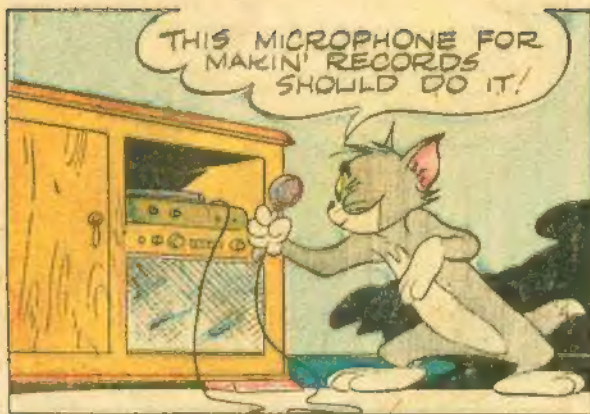


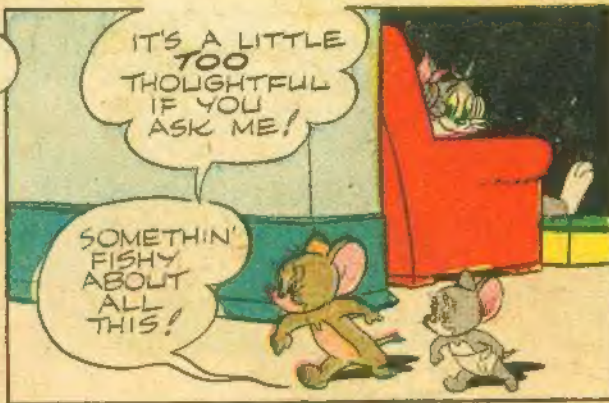
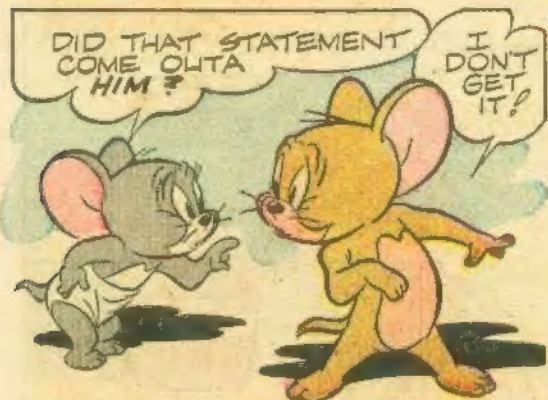
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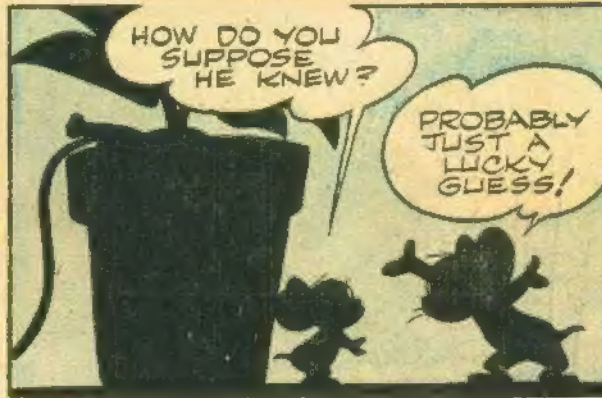
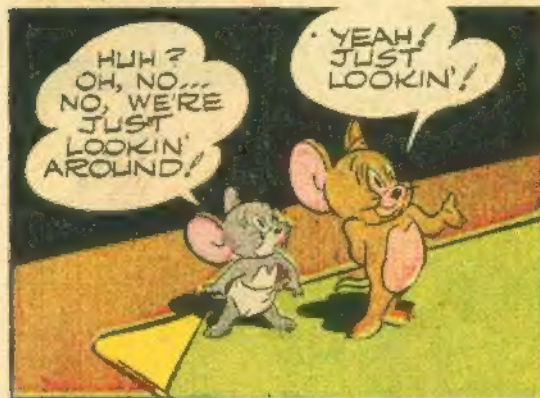
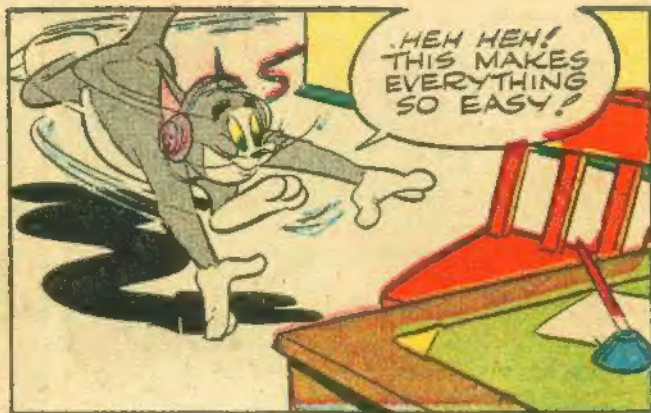
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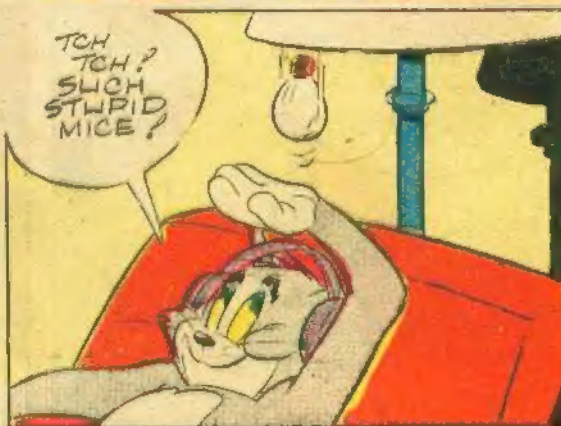
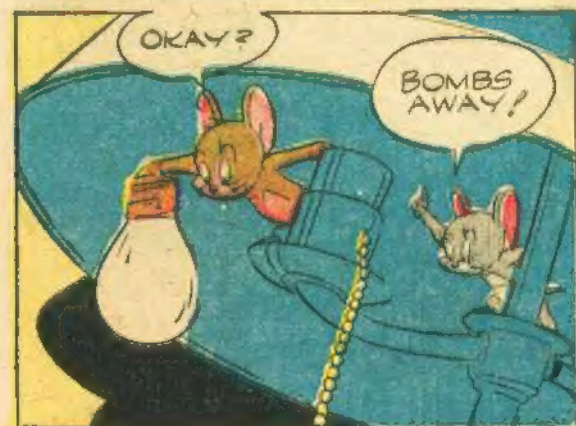
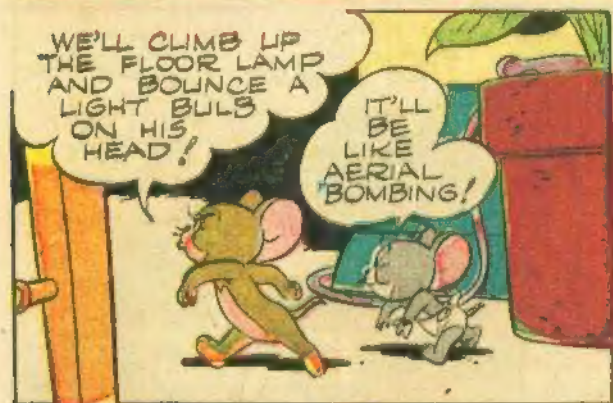
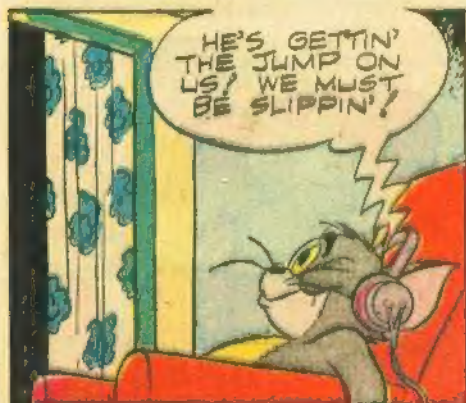
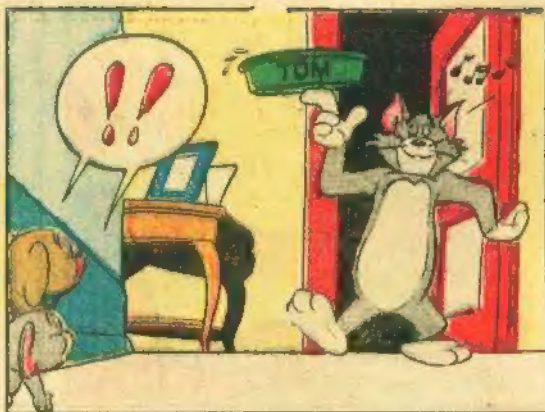
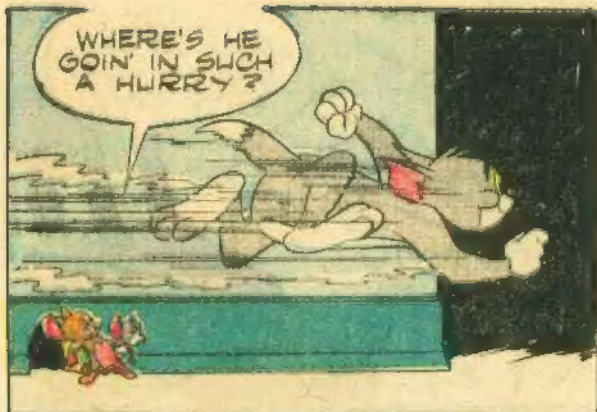


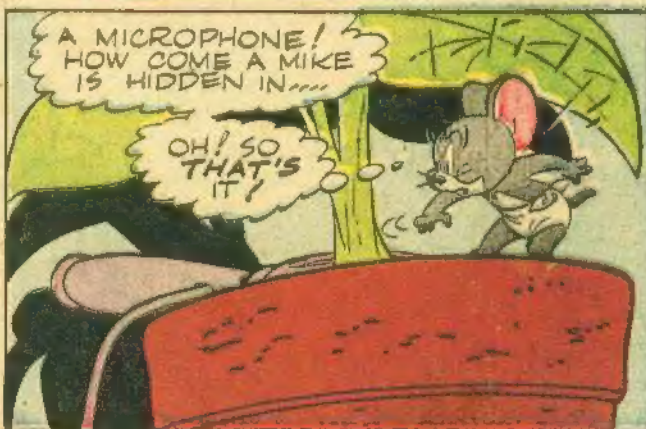
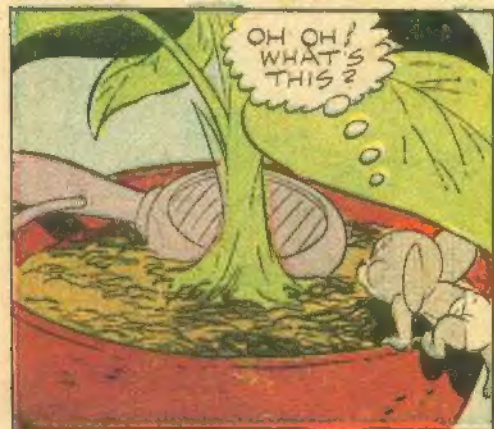
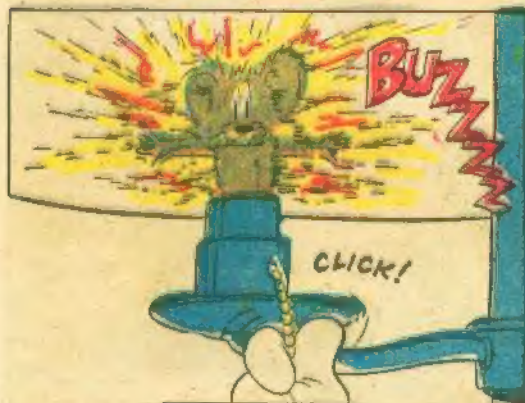


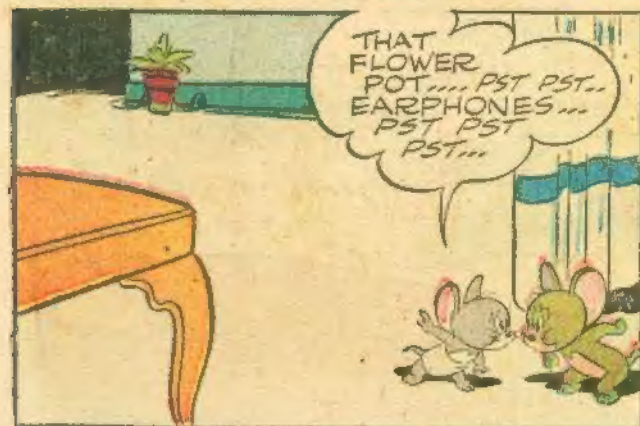
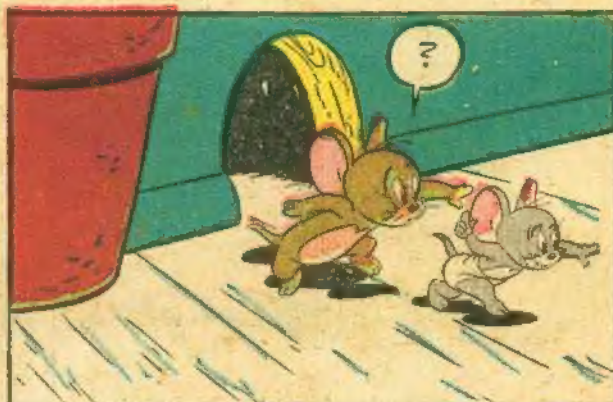
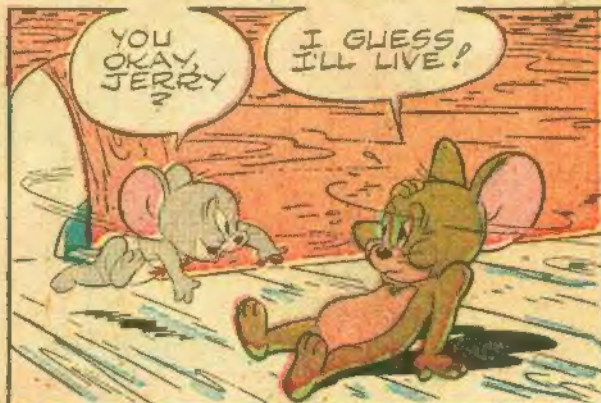
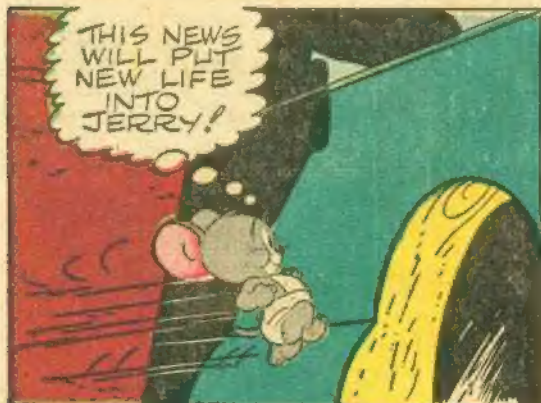
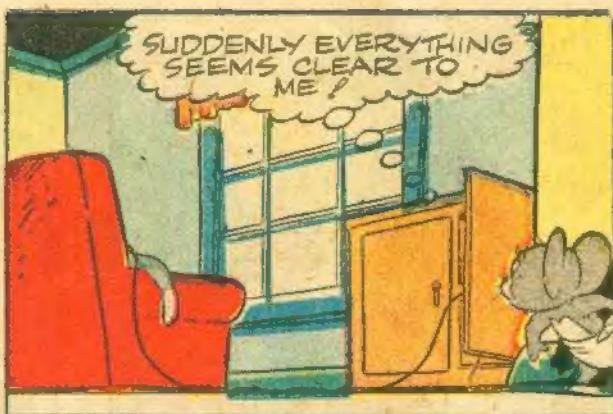
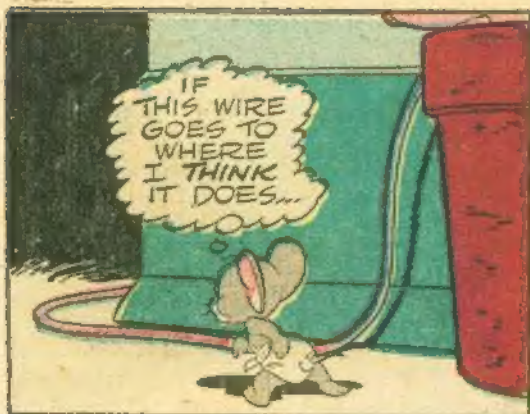


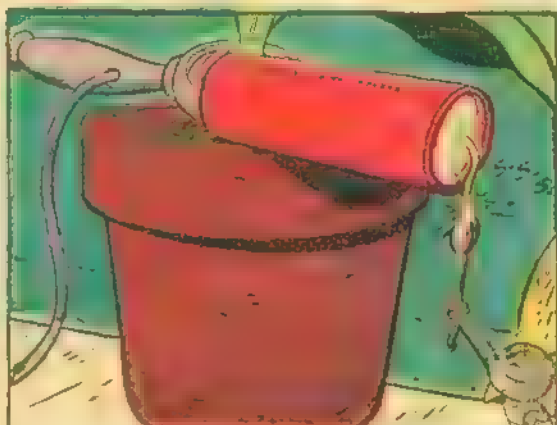
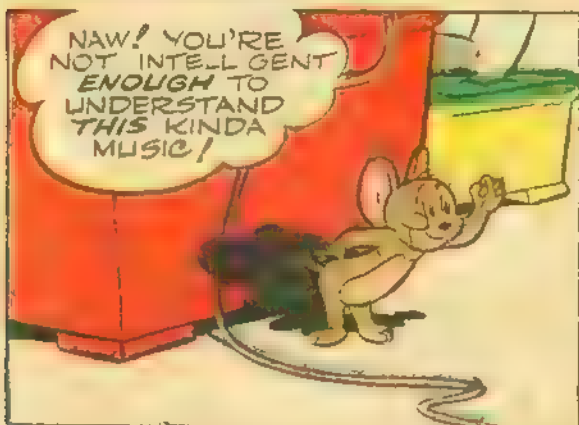
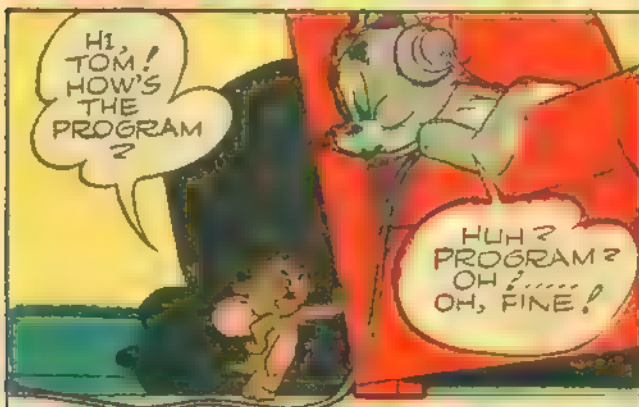
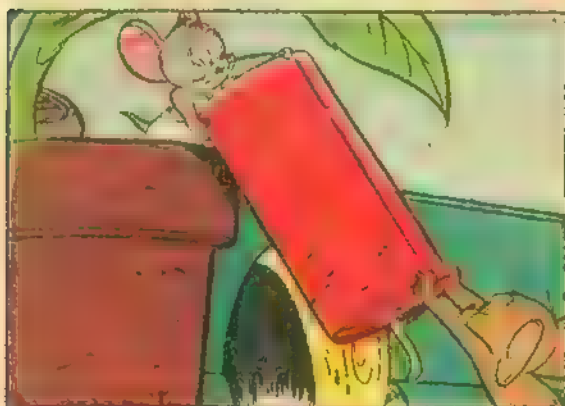
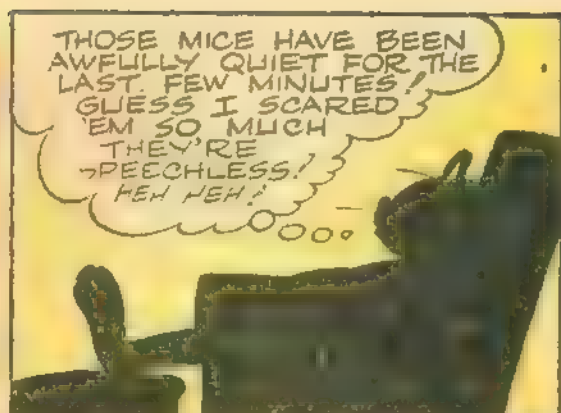
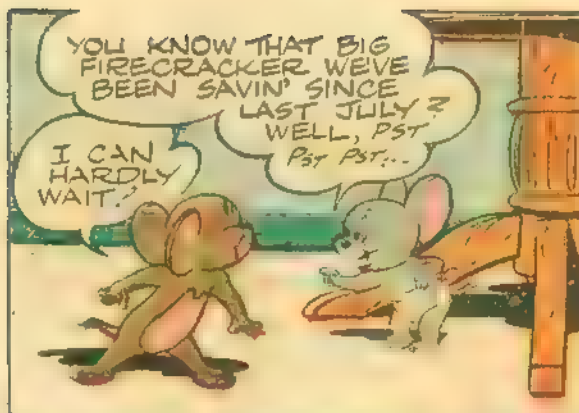


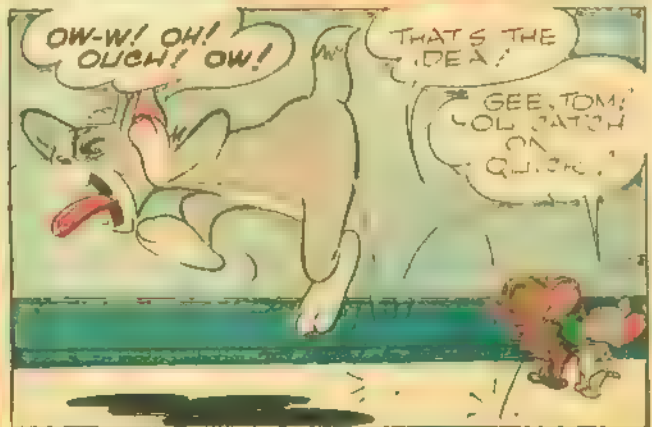
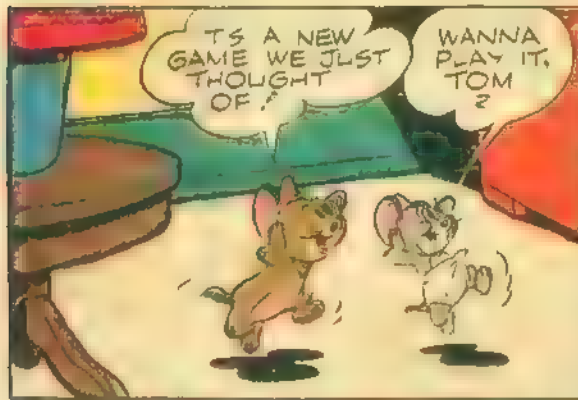
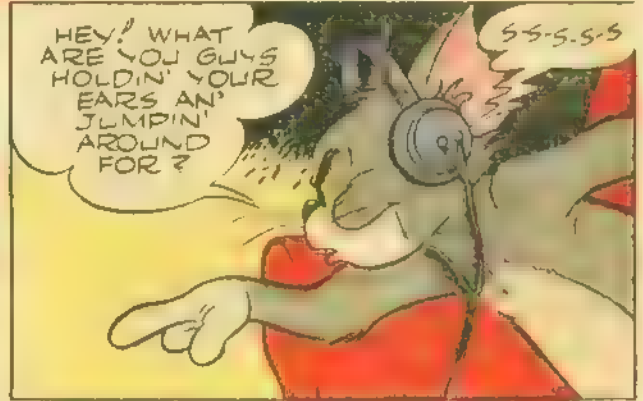
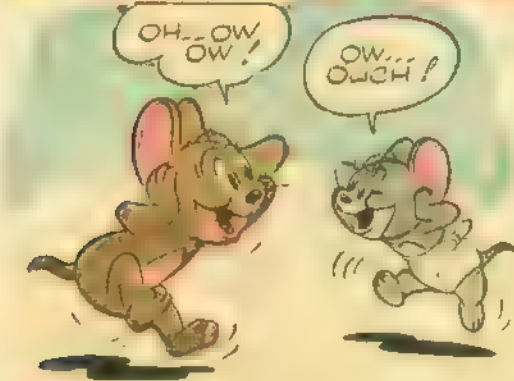
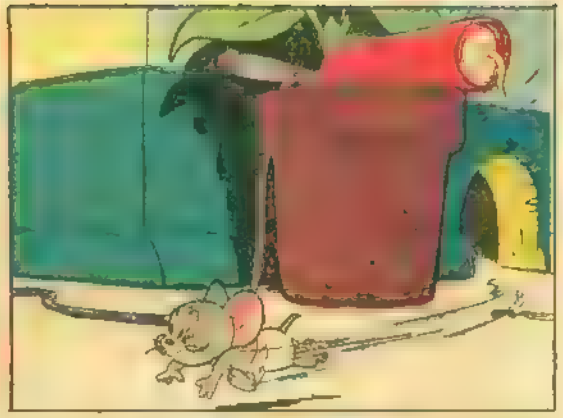
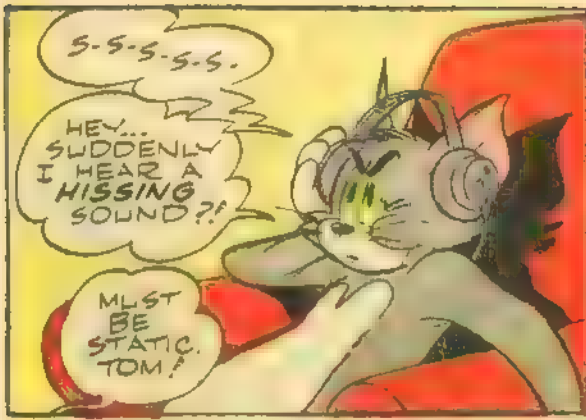










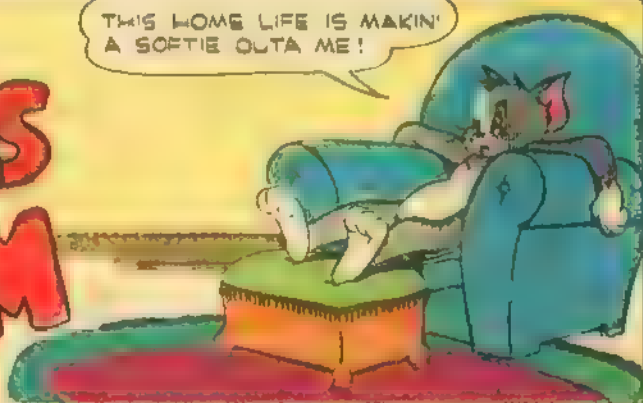


M.G.M. CARTOONS

Present

THE ADVENTURES of TOM

THIS HOME LIFE IS MAKIN' A SOFTIE OUTTA ME!



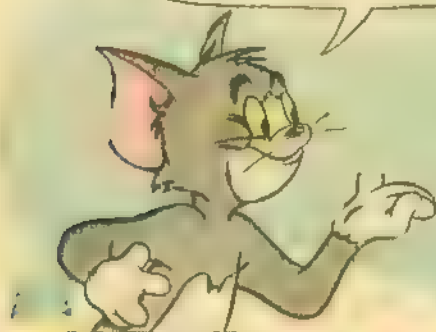
I'M GETTIN' FATTER AND LAZER EVERY DAY!



WHAT I NEED IS TO GET OUT IN THE WILDERNESS AND ROUGH IT!



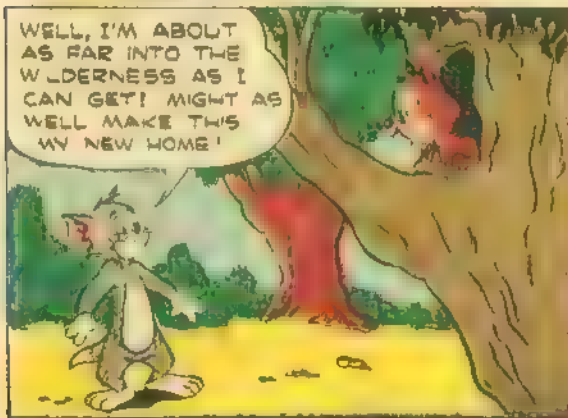
I'LL LIVE BY MY WITS... LIKE CATS WITHOUT ANY HOMES!



BEN! A PLAIN OL' HOUSE CAT IS NO LIFE FOR AN ADVENTUROUS GUY LIKE ME!

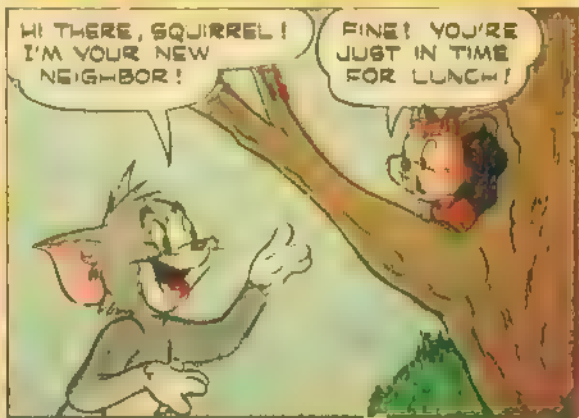


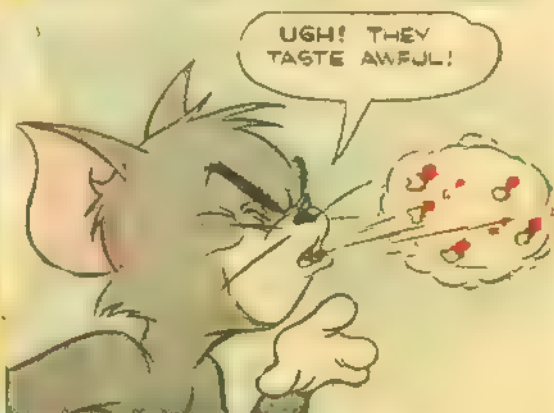
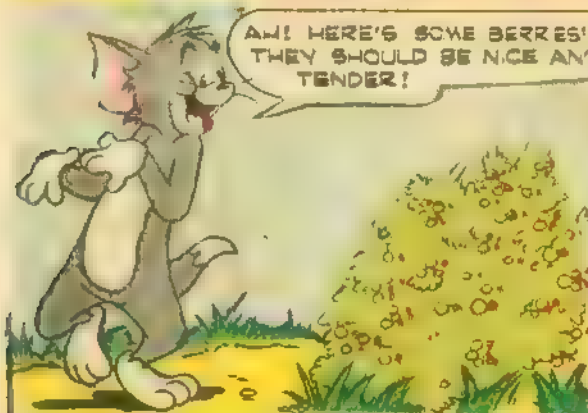
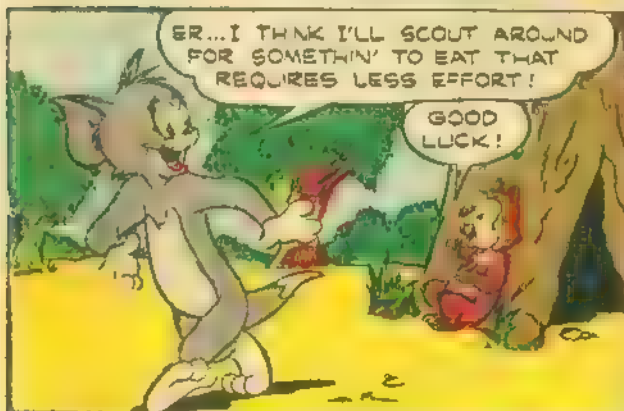
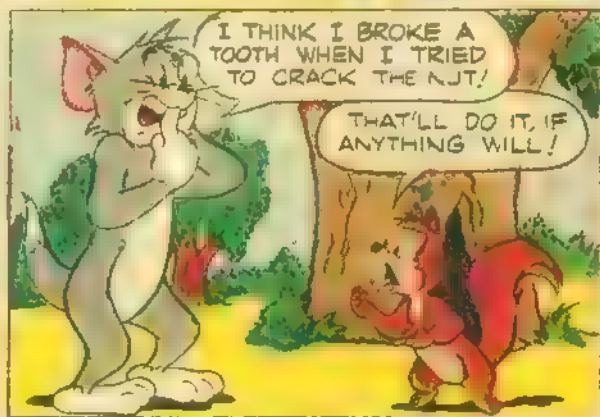
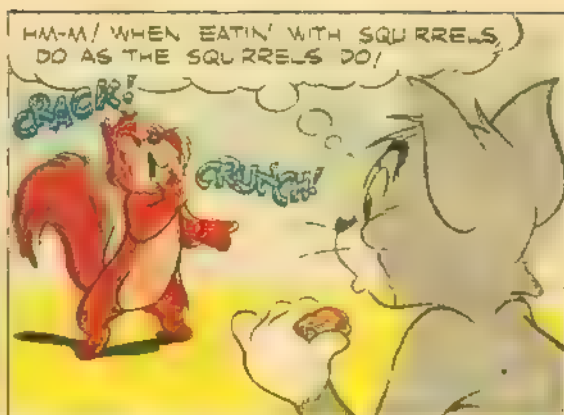
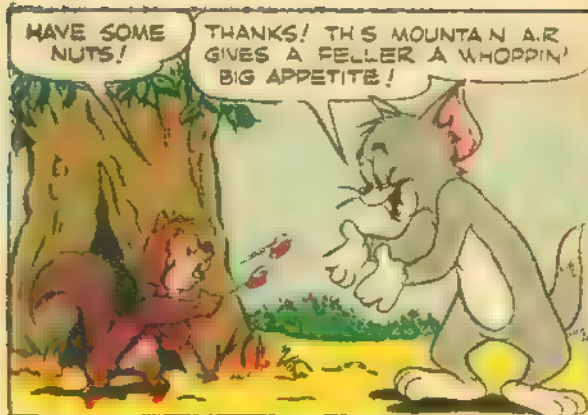
WELL, I'M ABOUT AS FAR INTO THE WILDERNESS AS I CAN GET! MIGHT AS WELL MAKE THIS MY NEW HOME!

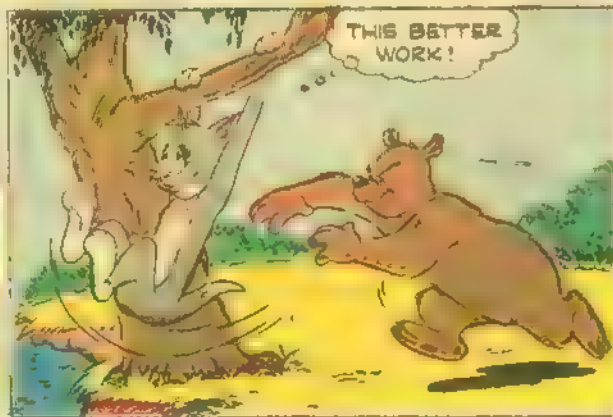
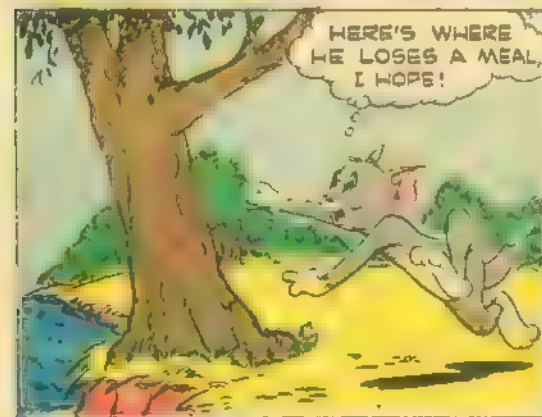
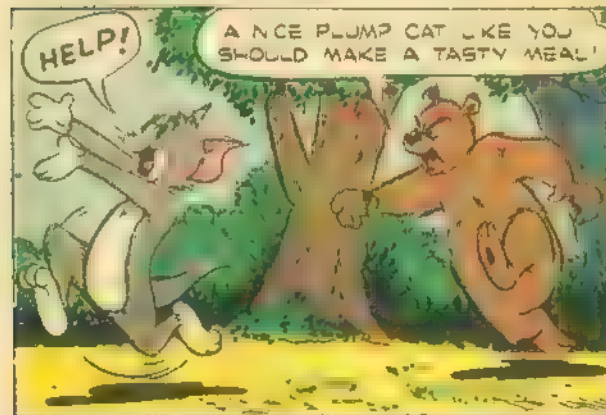
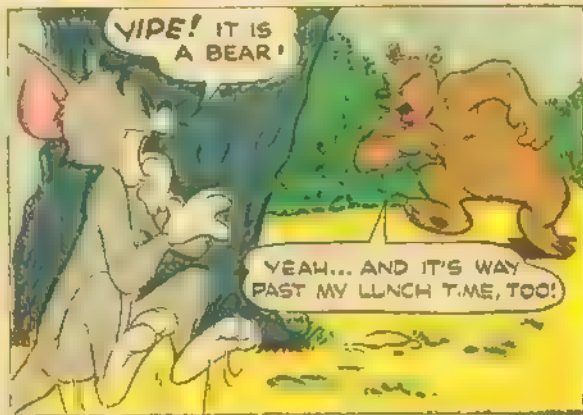
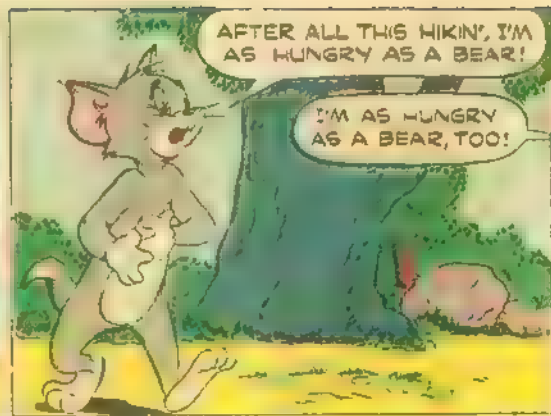
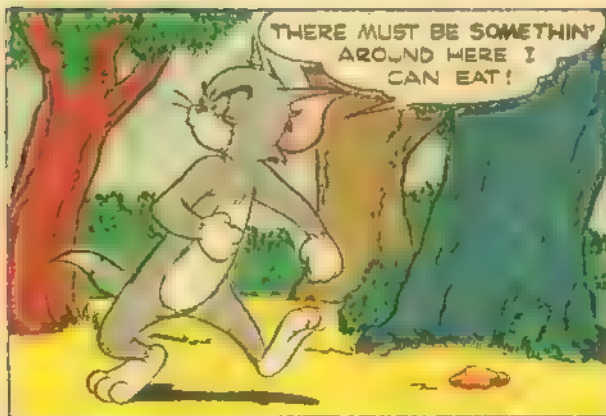


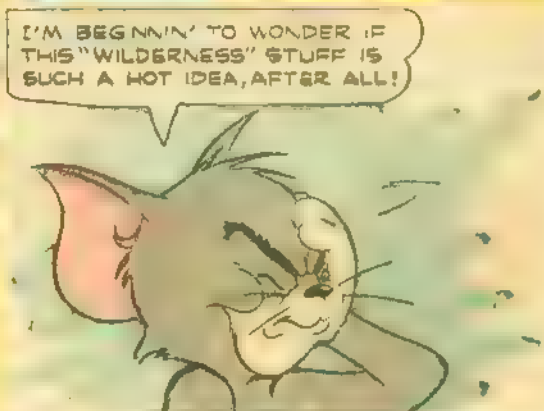
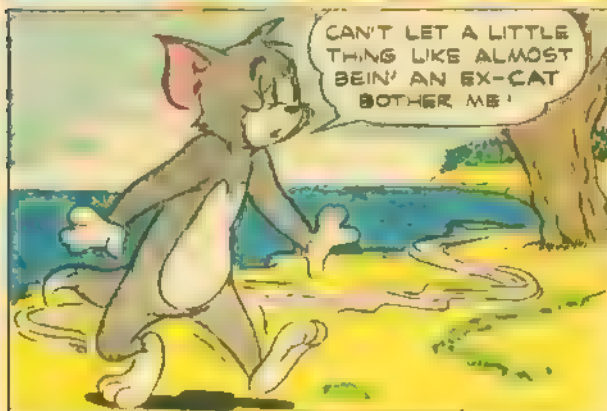
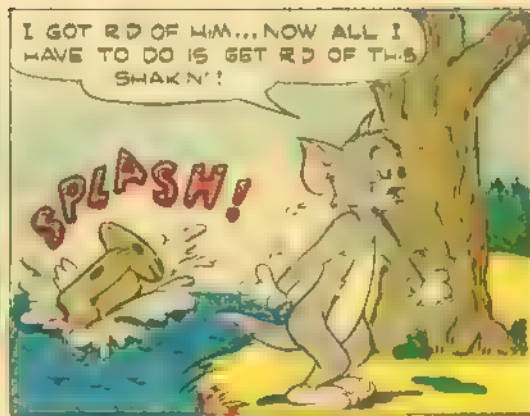
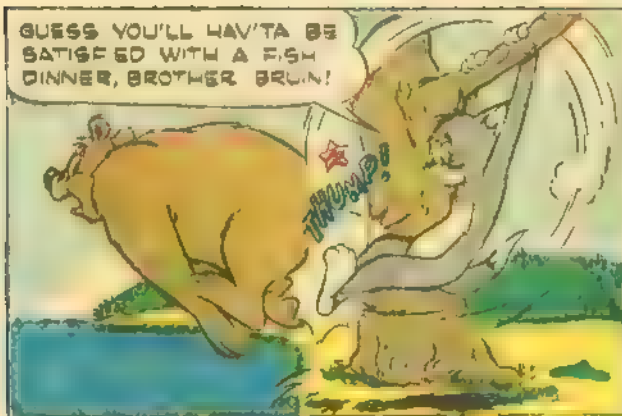
HI THERE, SQUIRREL! I'M YOUR NEW NEIGHBOR!

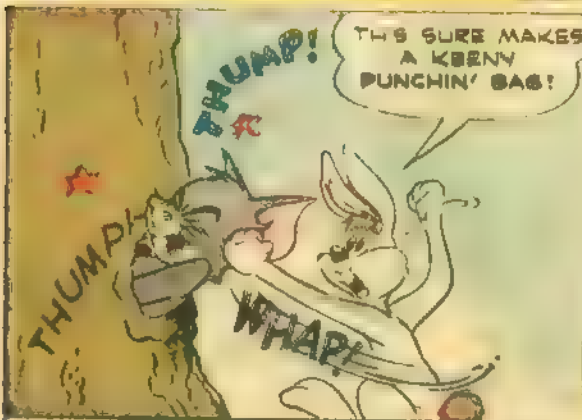
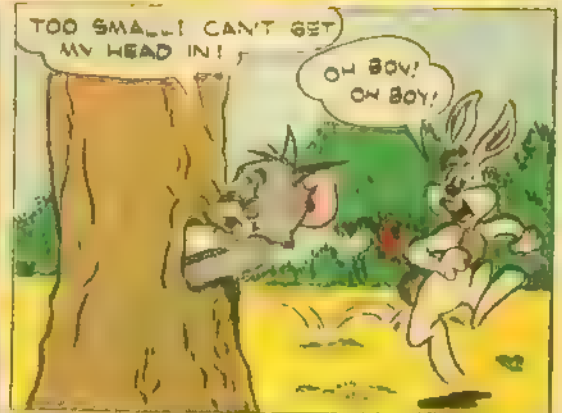
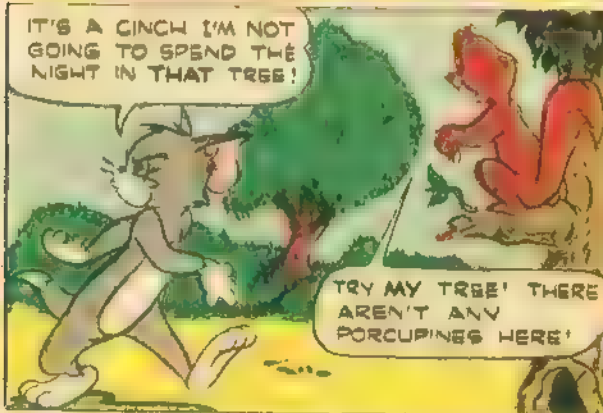
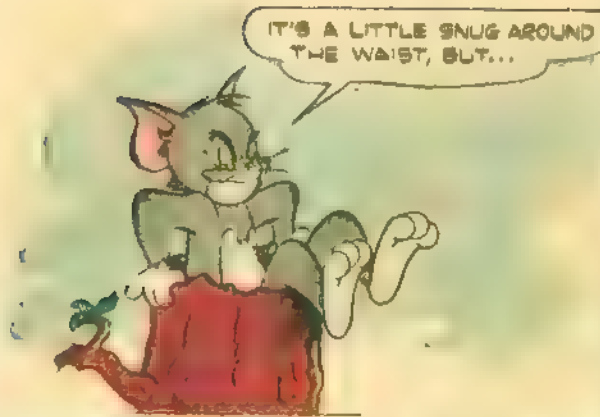
FINE! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR LUNCH!









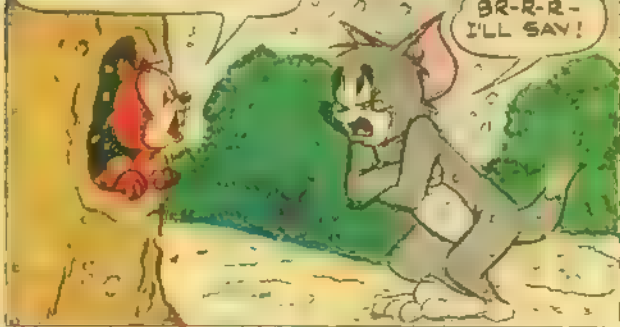


OH, FINE! NOW IT'S
STARTIN' TO SNOW!



TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T FIT IN MY TREE,
FRIEND CAT! IT'S GONNA BE AWFULLY
COLD OUT TONIGHT!

BR-R-R-
I'LL SAY!



WHAT A FRY! NO PLACE TO SLEEP,
NOTHIN' TO EAT, AN' I'M FREEZIN'!
HOW ROUGH CAN THINGS GET?

CRACK!
CRACK!



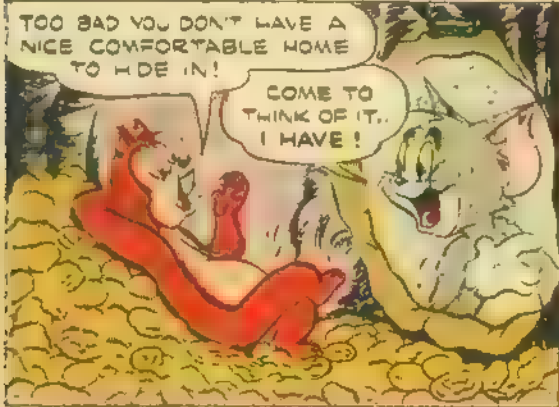
BY THE WAY...WHAT WILL YOU DO
IF THE BEAR COMES AROUND?

I'VE BEEN WONDERIN'
ABOUT THAT
MYSELF!

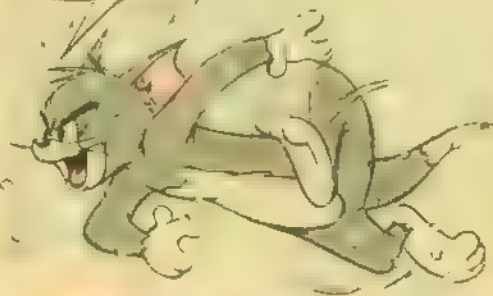


TOO BAD YOU DON'T HAVE A
NICE COMFORTABLE HOME
TO HIDE IN!

COME TO
THINK OF IT,
I HAVE!



AND THAT'S JUST WHERE I'M GOIN'!
THIS WILDERNESS LIFE IS NOT
FOR ME!



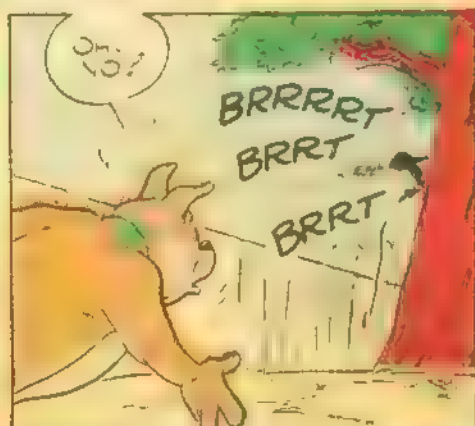
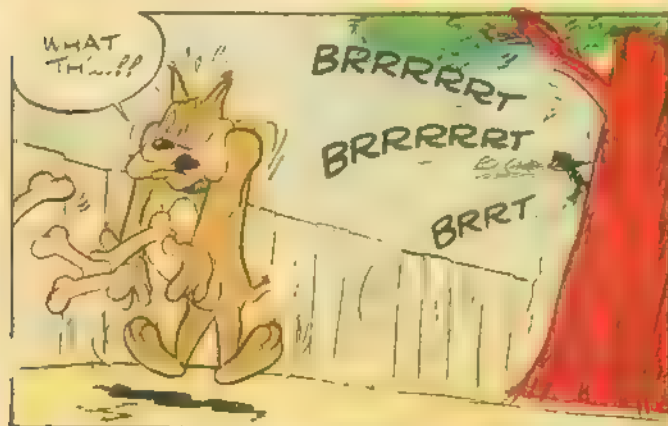
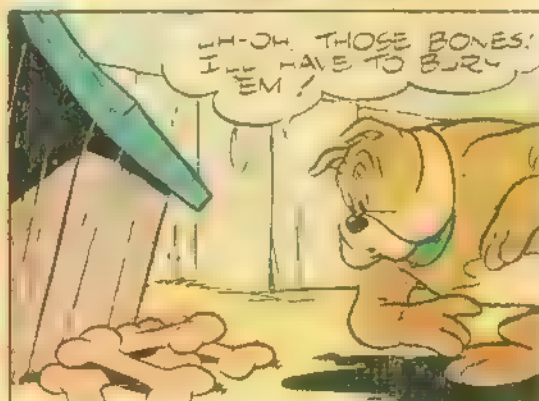
FROM NOW ON, I'M GONNA BE STRICTLY
A HOUSE CAT! I DON'T CARE HOW FAT
I GET! I'M GONNA EAT 'N' EAT 'N' EAT!..

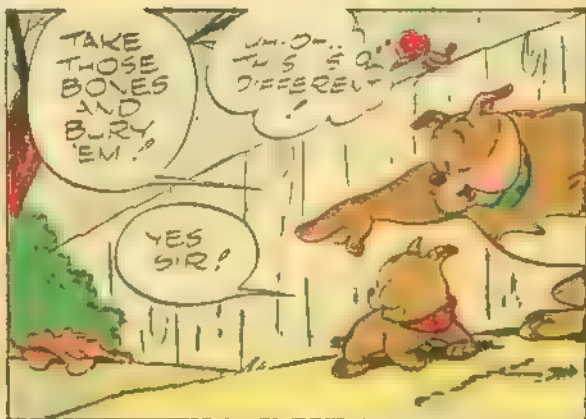
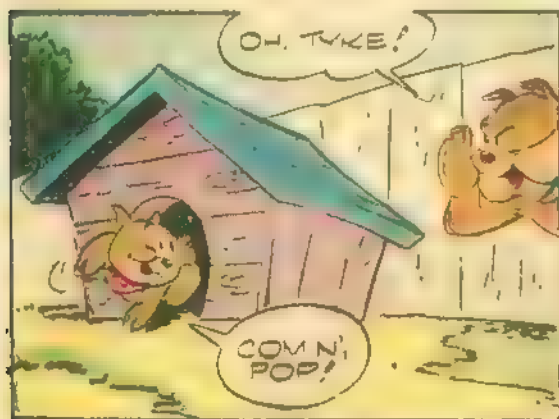
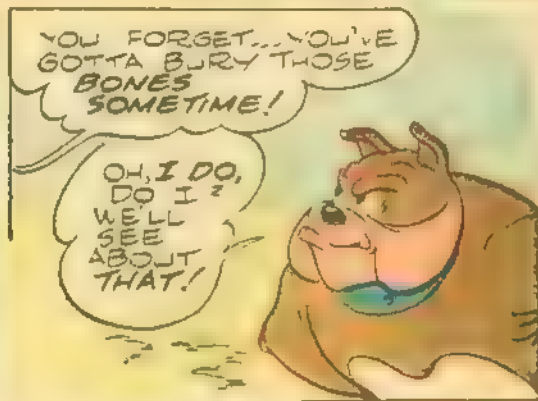
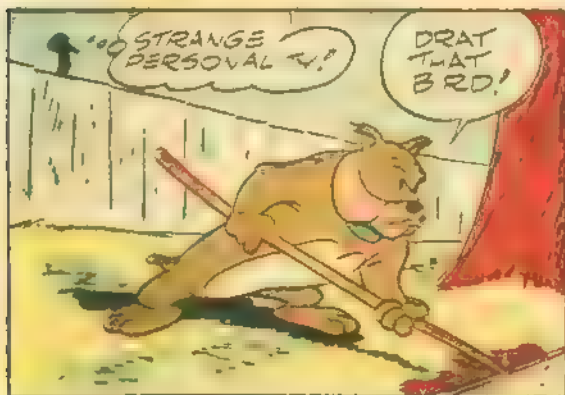
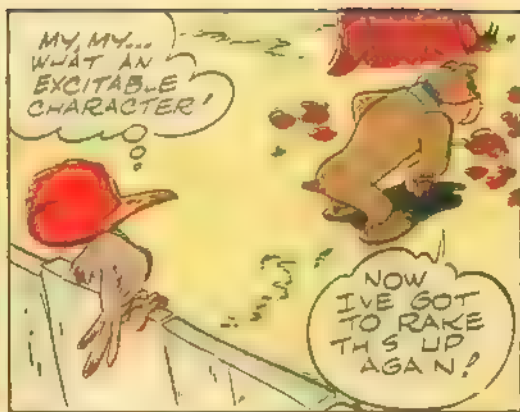
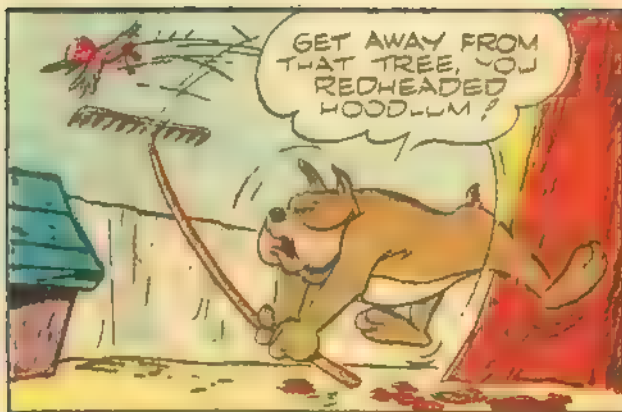
THAT'LL DO IT, IF
ANYTHING WILL!

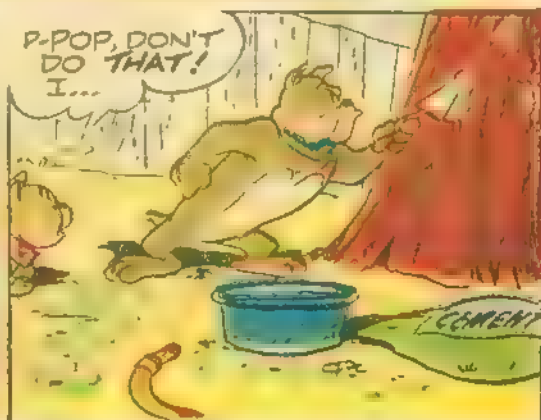
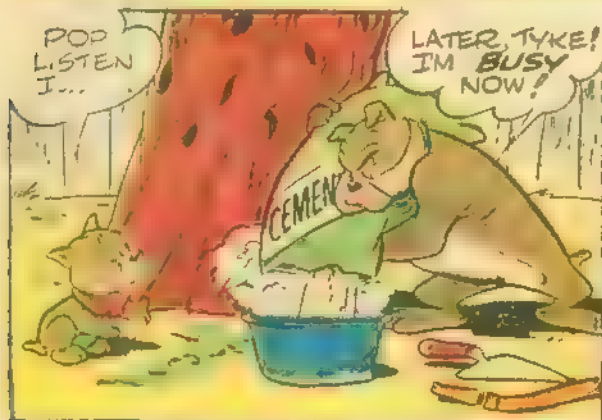
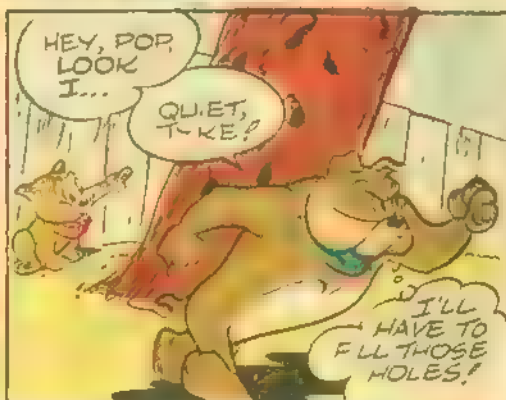
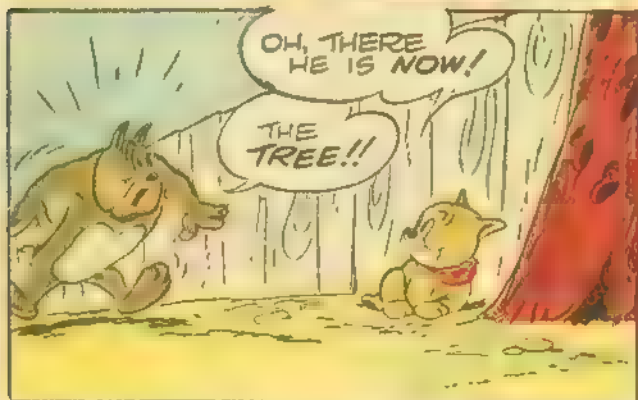
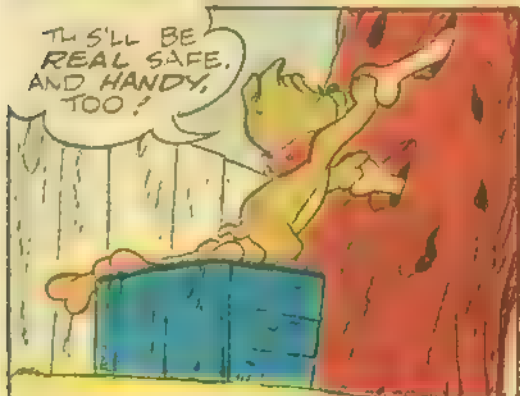
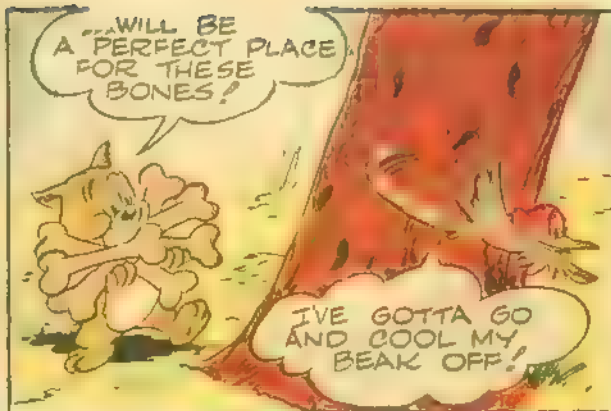


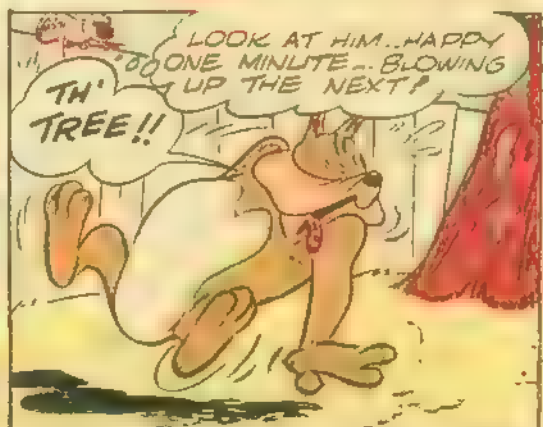
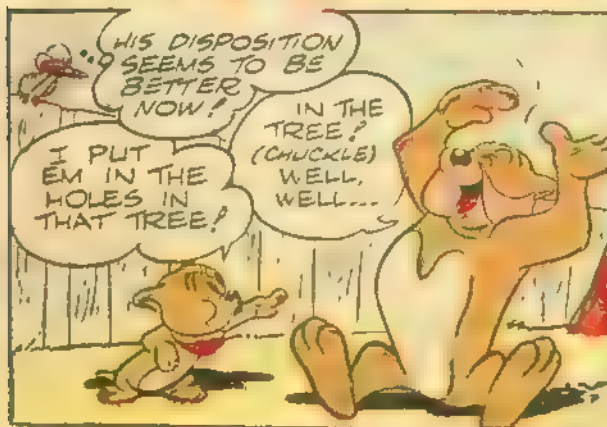
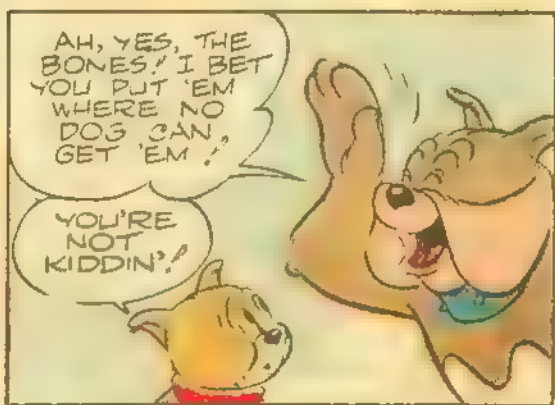
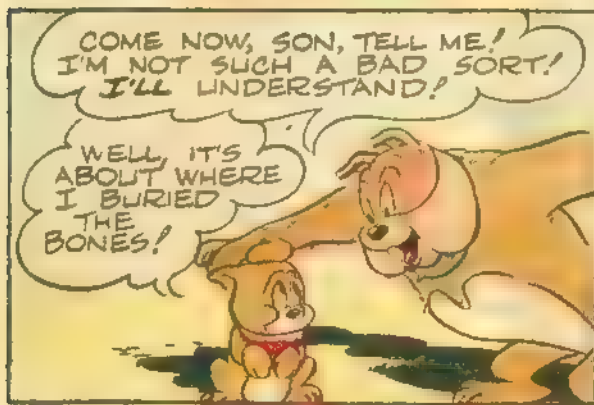
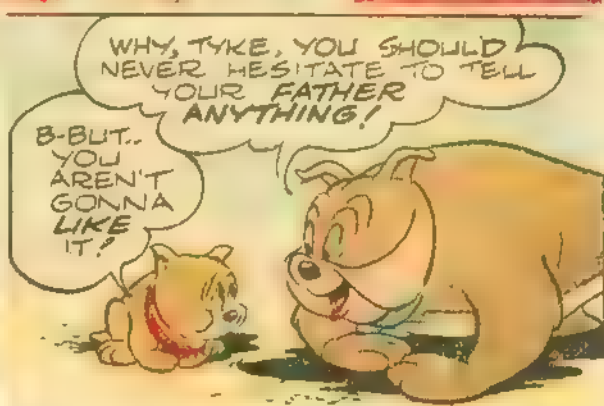
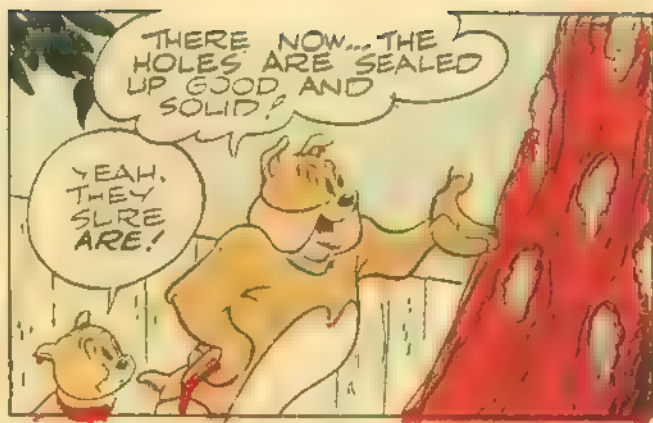
M.G.M.-CARTOONS
PRESENT

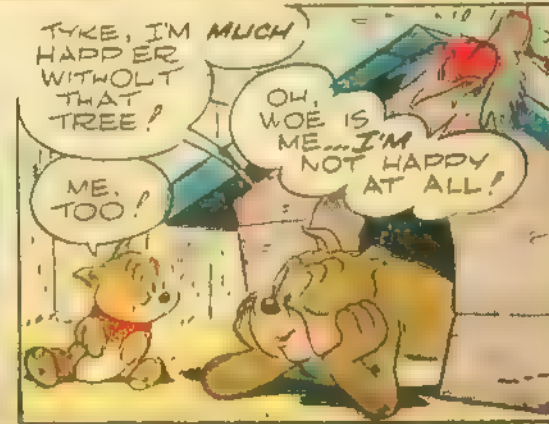
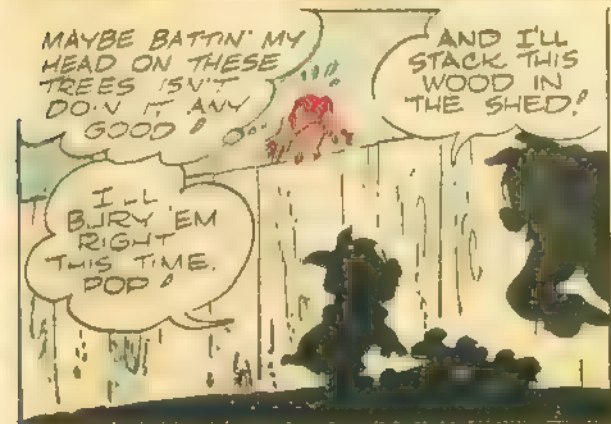
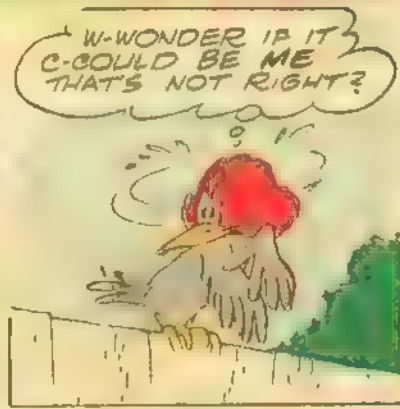
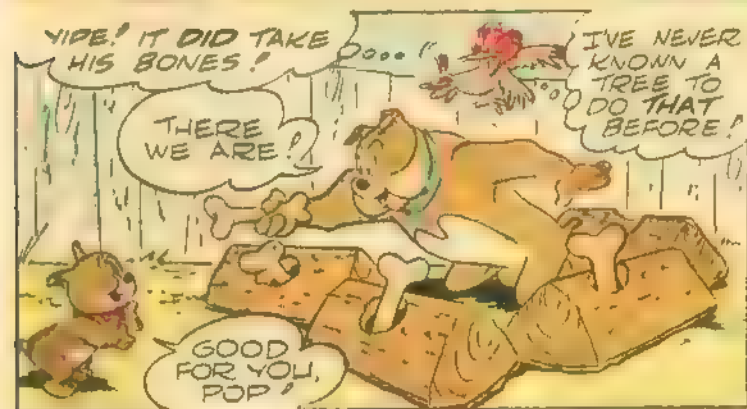
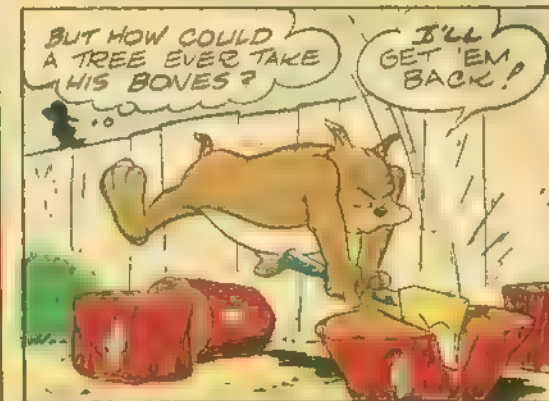
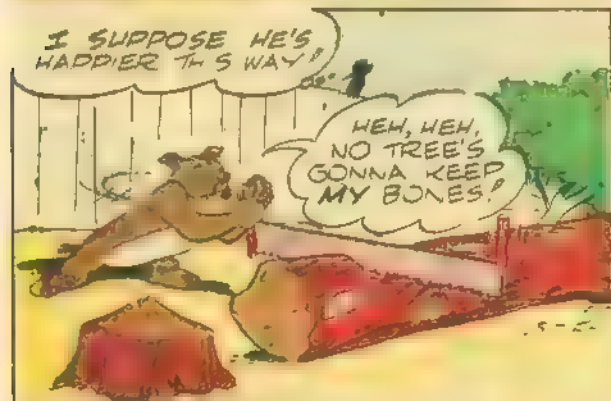
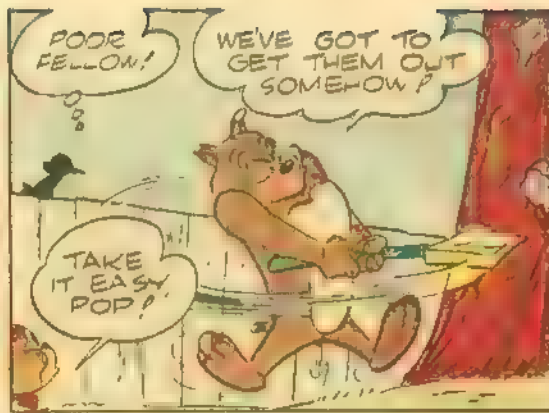
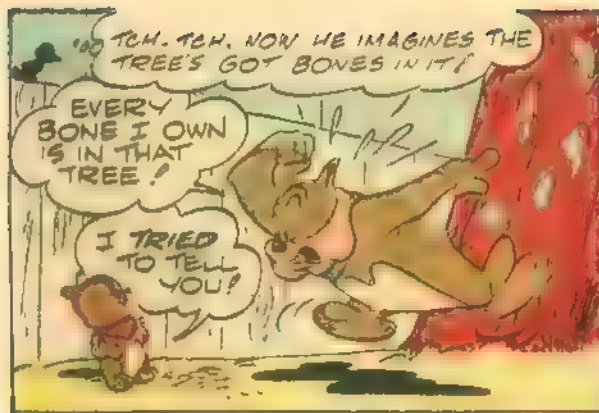
Big SPINE AND Little TYNE







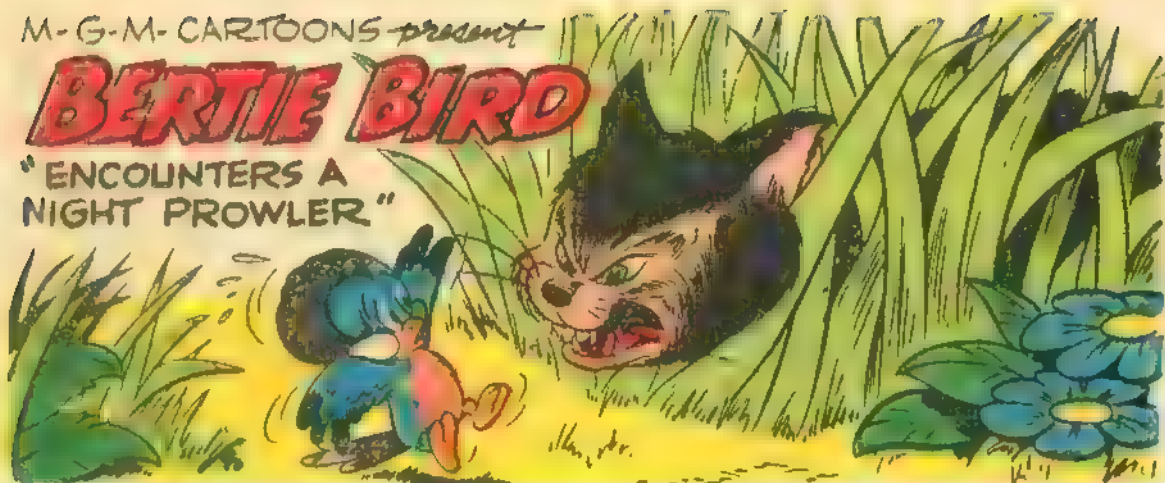




M-G-M-CARTOONS *present*

BERTIE BIRD

"ENCOUNTERS A
NIGHT PROWLER"



High, high in the very tiptop of the big oak tree that he called home, Bertie Bird flitted about excitedly.

He, too, was humming the haunting melody of the harvest season. The gentle songs of summer were ended and the playful autumn breezes now whistled a plaintive tune. Even the late afternoon sun filtering through the bare branches, cast eerie shadows.

"Tonight's the night!" sang Bertie Bird happily, hopping farther out on a nearby branch.

Then he paused long enough to cock his head and steal a quick glance at the Big House. "Yes," concluded Bertie, "this should be the best 'lookout' of all!"

His little feathered head bobbed sleepily back and forth. "I've had such a busy day," sighed Bertie, tucking his head under his wing. "I think I'll have time for a short nap." And he nestled closer to a stray leaf for warmth.

Quick as a wink, tired little Bertie was fast asleep, dreaming he was "flying high," completely confusing old Tabby Cat as she stealthily sharpened her claws on the trunk of the tree and gazed hungrily around for helpless birds.

But Susie Sparrow and Ronnie Robin soon flew over and interrupted Bertie's pleasant bird-dreams.

"Yoo-hoo, Bertie! I got your message," chirped Susie eagerly. "What's all this about a party at the Big House?"

"Are we invited?" cut in Ronnie Robin.

Bertie opened his eyes, blinked and

stretched lazily. "Not exactly," he yawned.

Then Bertie went on, "I was hungry this morning—so I flew over to the kitchen window sill for tasty crumbs. Inside, I heard the grandmother and mother planning games for the children to play when all the aunts and uncles and cousins come today for Thanksgiving dinner—"

"Eavesdropping, huh?" chimed Susie flicking her long sparrow tail and hopping onto a twig closer to Bertie. "Is that how you get so smart, Bertie Bird?"

"Anyway," laughed Bertie, "those pumpkin pies they were baking smelled so good, I could hardly spread my wings to fly away, but Mother Bird kept calling me home. When I told her about my adventure, she promised we could invite you to stay out late tonight with us and watch the fun."

Ronnie Robin sat very still listening to Bertie's long story. Suddenly he pointed his wing to the Big House. "Look! The dinner must be over. The children are coming out to play."

"And lookee—" shrieked Bertie. "Tabby Cat is trailing along with them! What's she up to this time?" inquired Bertie, always on the alert for Tabby's sly tricks. "Those kids had better be careful!"

"I'll say!" nodded Susie Sparrow. "She's supposed to have the sharpest claws of any cat that prowls this neighborhood!"

"Let's trill as loud as we can and warn them," suggested Ronnie Robin. But the children needed no warning for Tabby

Cat was as tame and gentle as could be. "That's strange," twittered Bertie, his head twisting and turning as he intently followed the children's game of Drop the Handkerchief. "Tabby is really on her good behavior. She must have reformed!"

Waving her tail proudly, Tabby playfully ran around the circle with each child who was "IT," until the handkerchief fluttered to the ground. Then Tabby jumped back, surprised and scared.

Bertie Bird hopped up and down. "Ha, ha, ha!" he cried gleefully, "our worries are over! We know how to frighten Tabby Cat—just wave a white handkerchief and away she runs!"

Just then, a loud "move over" startled Bertie as it echoed in his ear. It was only Brother Billy clamoring for a front seat at the show. "Be careful, Billy!" scolded Bertie. "I might have toppled off this branch right at Tabby Cat's feet!"

As the party games continued, the little feathered spectators realized how chilly late evening breezes can be and started home, preferring the warmth of their own nests. That is—everyone except Bertie Bird.

With a "more for me" chirp, Bertie Bird dropped down into the lilac bush at the corner of the Big House.

From this sheltered spot, he watched the children gaily continue their merry-making until the golden harvest moon appeared in the sky.

At last, when they finally went inside the Big House, Bertie Bird flew across the lawn and pecked at the ground. "The children might have dropped some crumbs from their pockets!"

But, no! Bertie was disappointed. So he, too, turned homeward—when two bright green eyes suddenly glared at

him in the still night!

It was Tabby Cat, silhouetted in the moonlight, as she crouched ready to grab Bertie with one quick leap.

"Ooooh!" Bertie Bird shivered with fear. "What'll I do? She's too close for me to fly away!"

Dangerously, he darted in and out among flowers and leaves finally hiding behind a clump of faded dandelions.

Tabby Cat whisked after him so fast Bertie Bird thought surely she would catch him this time. But her eyes were so intently focused on Bertie, Tabby failed to see a thorny branch in her path until the sharp edges dug in her paw.

A piercing howl filled the air as Tabby Cat bent her head to examine her injury.

Breathlessly, Bertie recalled the Drop the Handkerchief game. "That's it!" he exclaimed. "If I only had a white handkerchief!"

Like magic, when he turned his head, he saw a white handkerchief nearby—probably one of the children had dropped it.

"The very thing I need," he cried. Instantly, Bertie disappeared under the handkerchief and hid there for a minute.

Noiselessly, Tabby Cat stalked in his direction.

Rapidly Bertie Bird hopped up and down, fluttering the white handkerchief across her path!

IT WORKED! Tabby Cat took one look at the frightening handkerchief, backed away three paces, and with a disappointing snarl, turned and fled into the night!

Bertie could hardly wait for morning to come so he could tell all his friends about HIS encounter with a NIGHT PROWLER!



FLIP 'N' DIP

WHATCHA DOING WITH THE NET, POP, GOING FISHING?

BETTER THAN THAT! WE ARE GOING TO CATCH A MESS OF BLUE CLAW CRABS!

OH BOY, CAN WE GO ALONG TOO?

BETTER NOT, PA! DON'T FORGET IT REQUIRES A LOT OF SKILL TO CATCH THOSE BABIES!

YOU'RE RIGHT, TURTLE! WHEN YOU KIDS GET A LITTLE OLDER I'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO GO CRABBING!

AW, GEE!

OVER THERE IS THE BEST SPOT, POP! I GOT IT MARKED WITH A LONG STAKE!

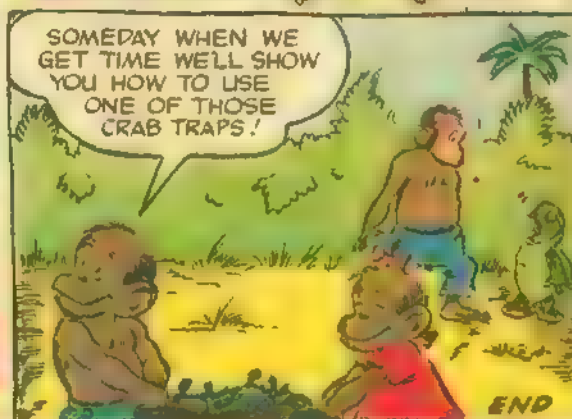
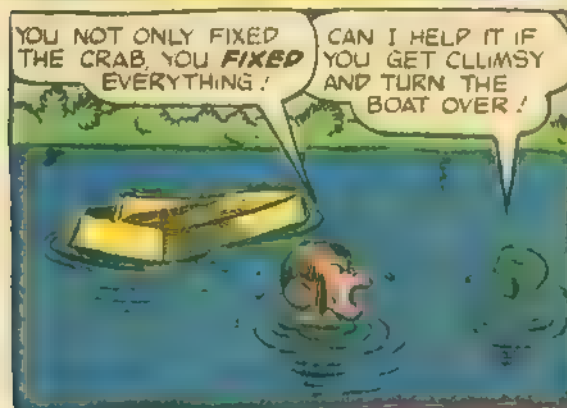
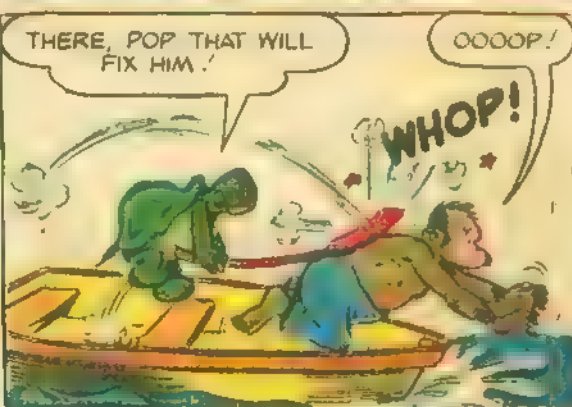
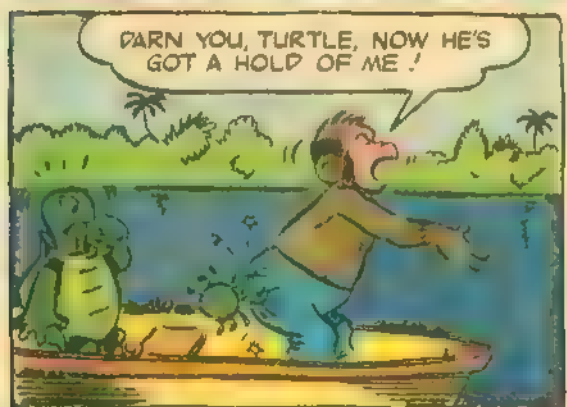
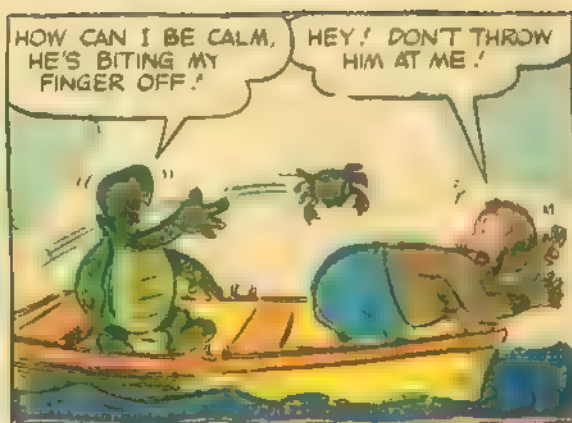
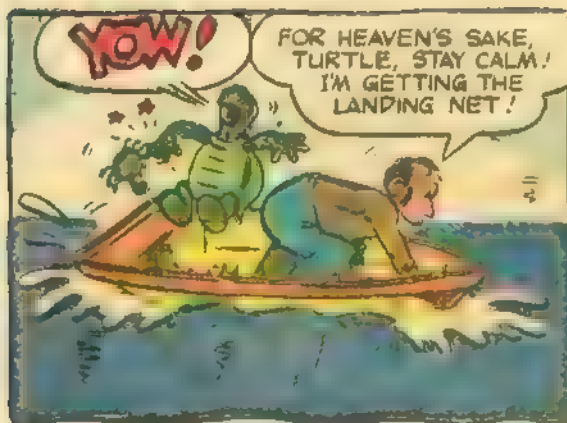
I'D SAY ABOUT TWO BUSHELS WILL BE ENOUGH, EH, TURTLE?

SHUCKS WE CAN CATCH THAT MANY IN NO TIME!

ARE YOU SURE WE GOT THE RIGHT PLACE? I HAVEN'T HAD A BITE YET!

TAKE IT EASY, POP, WE'VE ONLY BEEN HERE A HALF HOUR!

WOW! LOOK AT THE WHOPPER I GOT ON HERE!



M-G-M. CARTOONS

Present

Fuzzy and Wuzzy

WHEW! THAT'S THAT! THE WHOLE FIELD IS ALL DUG UP AN' PLANTED WITH CORN!

YEAH! SOME JOB, TOO!

PRETTY SOON WE'LL BE EATIN' CORN ON THE COB! YUM YUMMY!

SURE... AN' CORN FRITTERS! MM-M-M!

CMON! THAT'S ALL OUR CHORES FOR TODAY! NOW WE CAN GO LOOK AT TELEVISION!

IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR OUR SHOW... WHERE THE COWBOYS ARE ALWAYS CHASIN' EACH OTHER!

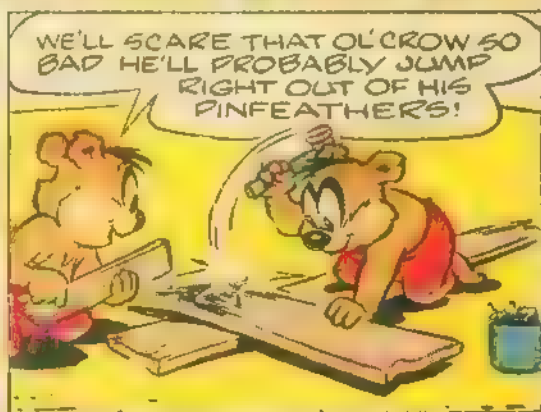
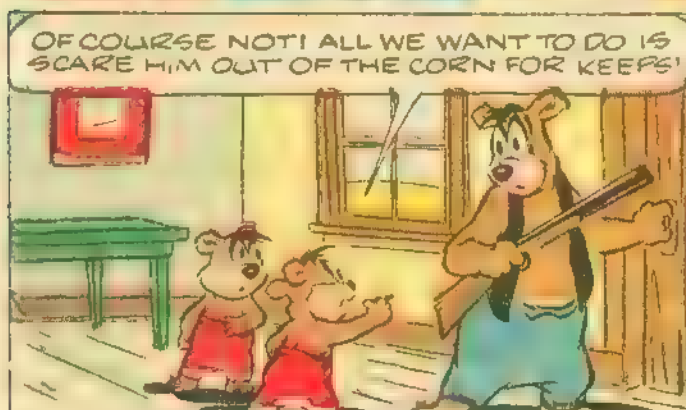
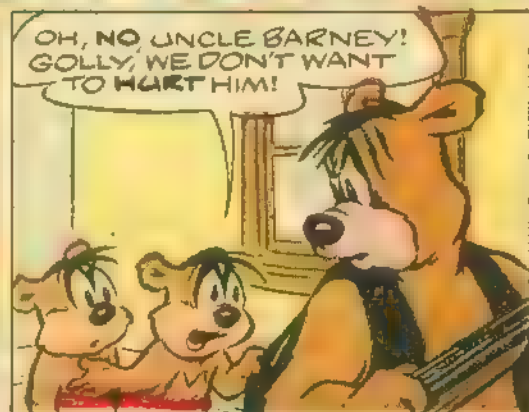
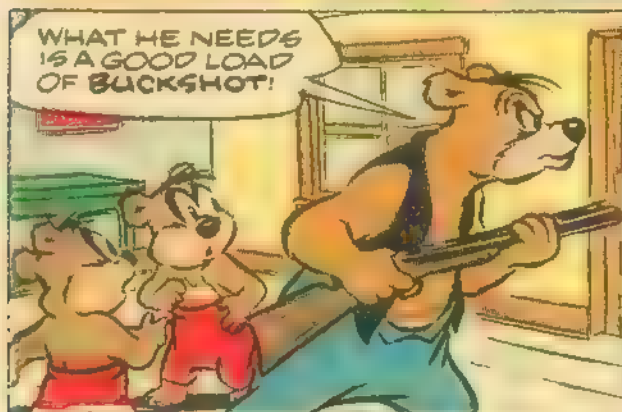
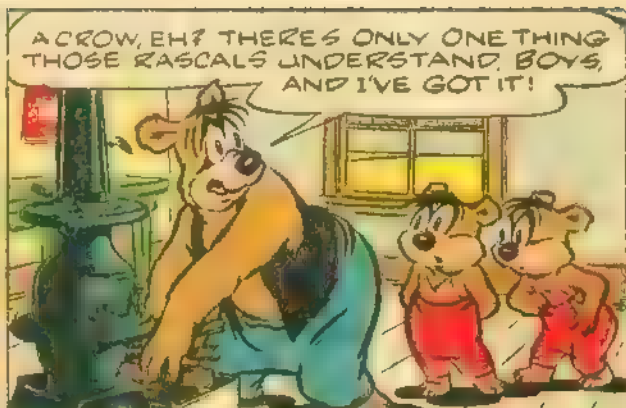
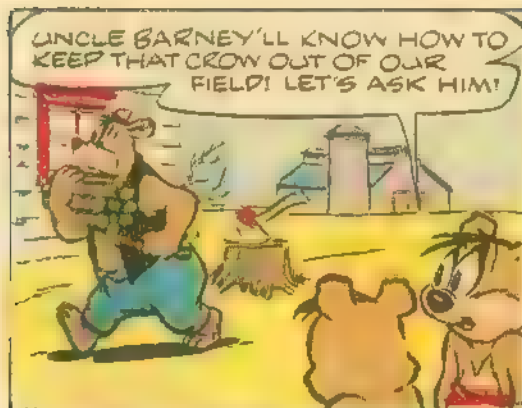
HEY! LOOK AT THAT OL' CROW! HE'S EATIN' UP ALL THE CORN WE JUST PLANTED!

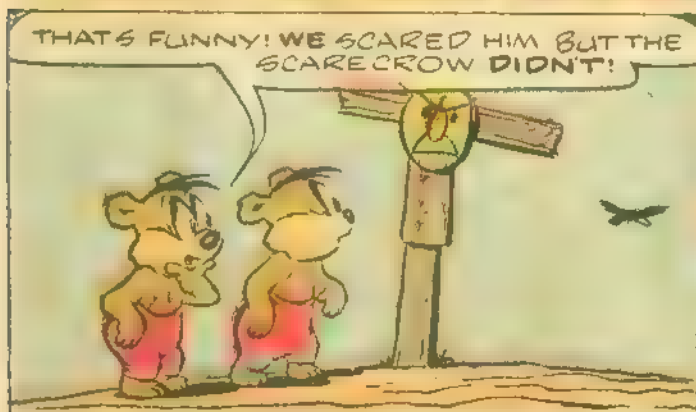
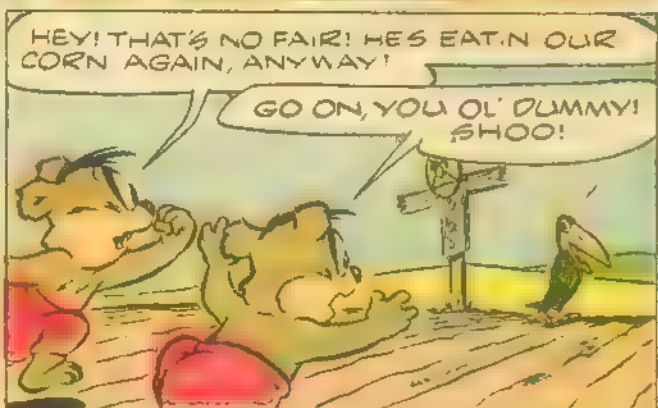
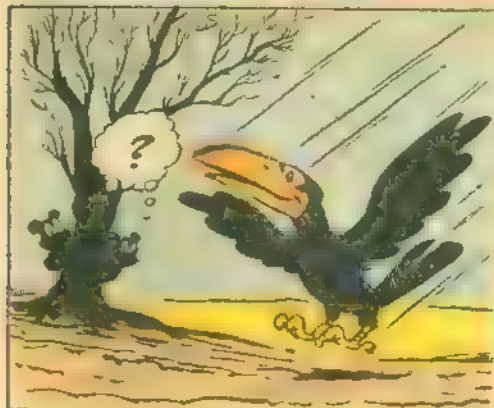
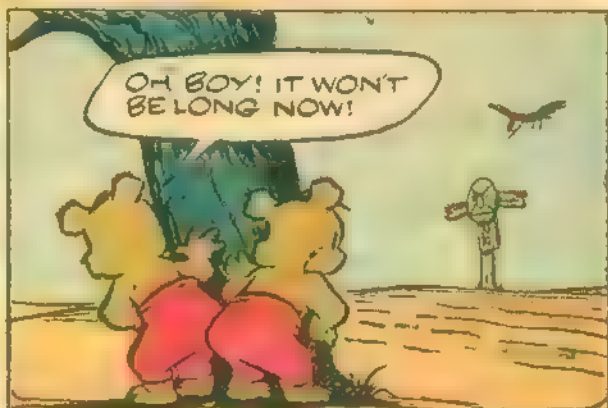
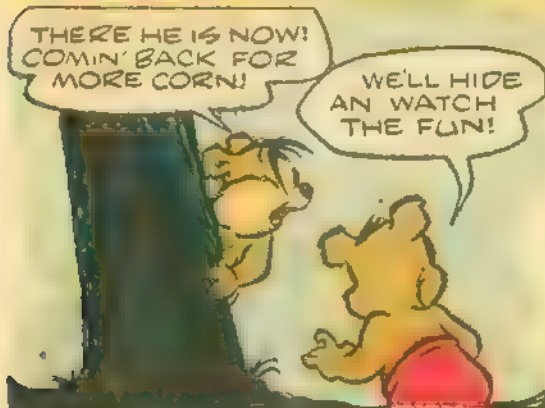
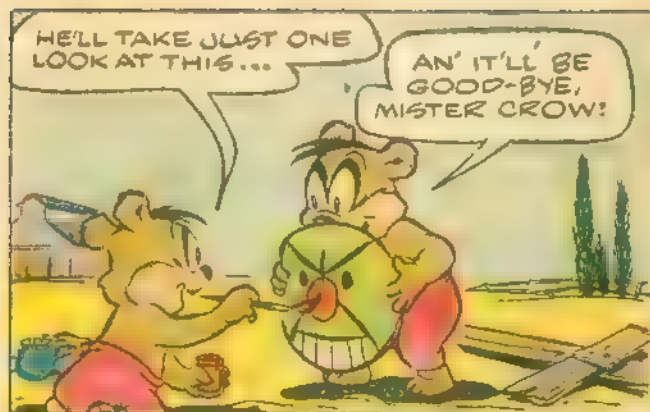
SHOO! YOU OL' ROBBER!

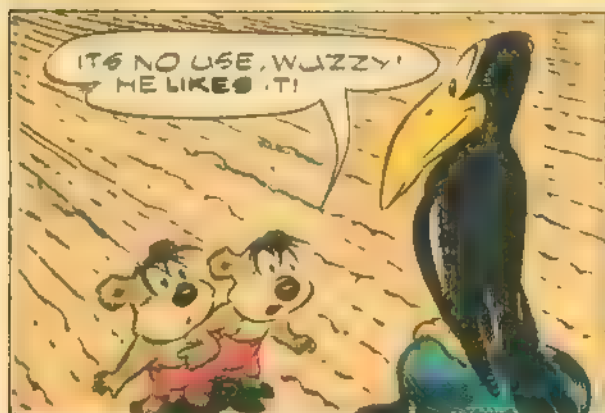
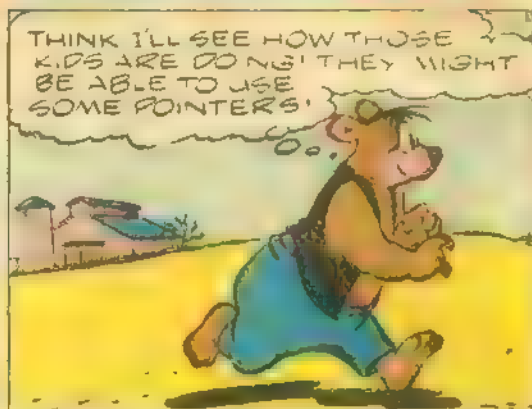
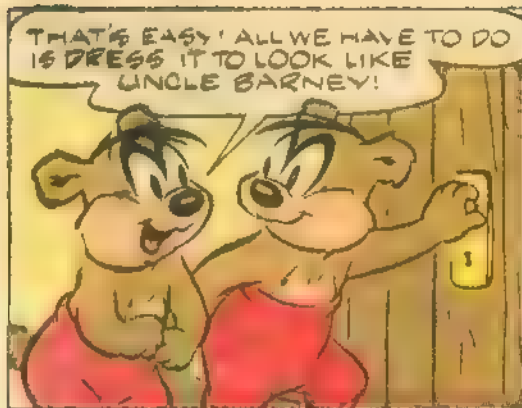
GO ON! BEAT IT!

IF HE HANGS AROUND, WE'LL NEVER HAVE ANY CORNBREAD!

AN' NO POPCORN, EITHER!







WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? DON'T YOU KNOW THAT'S MY SUNDAY BEST?

BUT, GEE, UNCLE BARNEY, WE THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO HELP OUT!

YOU JUST LOVE CORN, AN...

OKAY! OKAY! BUT USE OLD CLOTHES! OTHERWISE, I'LL BAKE THAT BLACKBIRD IN A PIE!

I GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SIT HERE AN' DO IT OURSELVES! OLD CLOTHES AREN'T SCARY!

YOU STAND GUARD WHILE I GET THE TELEVISION SET! MAYBE WE CAN HOOK IT UP OUT HERE AN' SEE OUR PROGRAMS!

I SURE WOULDN'T WANT TO MISS THAT COWBOY SHOW!

LOOK! IT'S THE CROW! HE'S LEAVING! THE TELEVISION SCARED HIM OFF!

HOORAY!

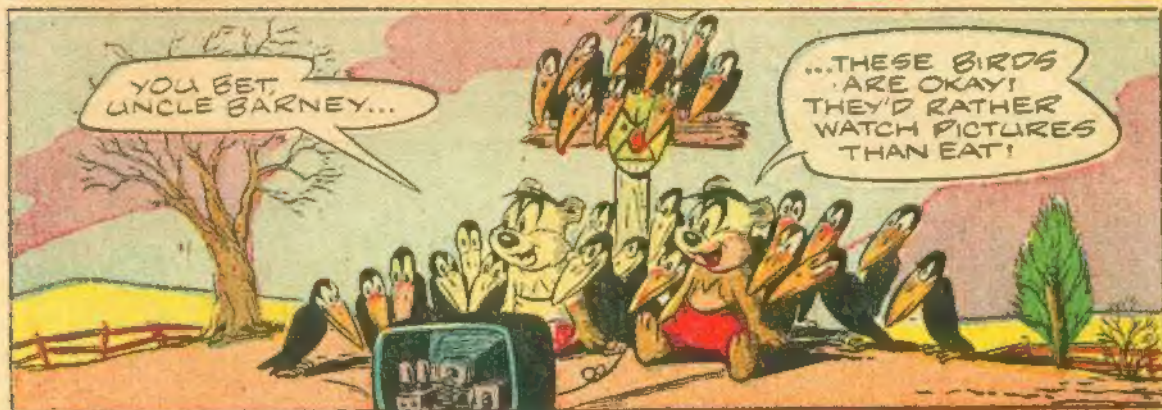
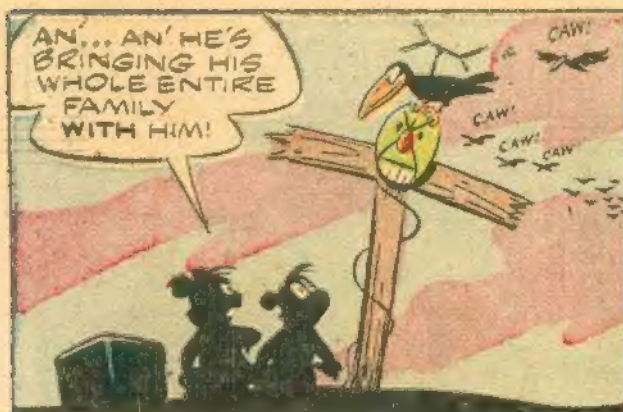
AWK!

NOW THAT THE PESKY CROW IS GONE, I GUESS WE COULD TAKE OUR SET BACK INSIDE AN'...

CAW!

CAW!

LOOK! IT'S HIM! HE'S COMING BACK!



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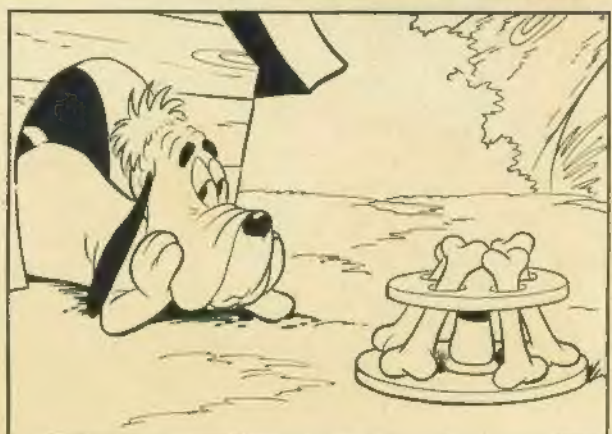
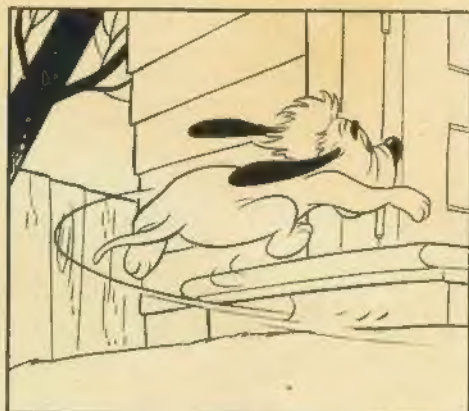
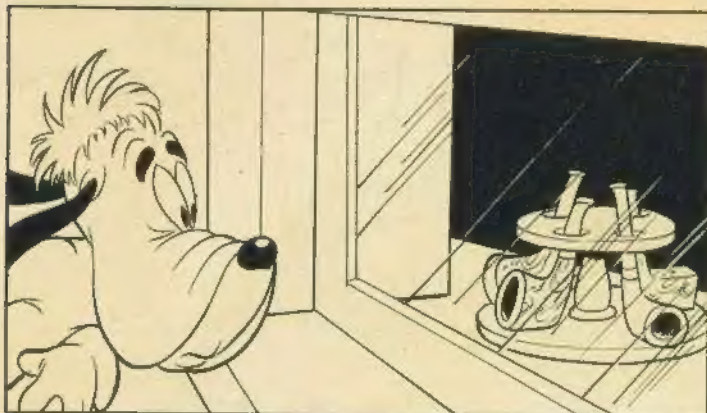
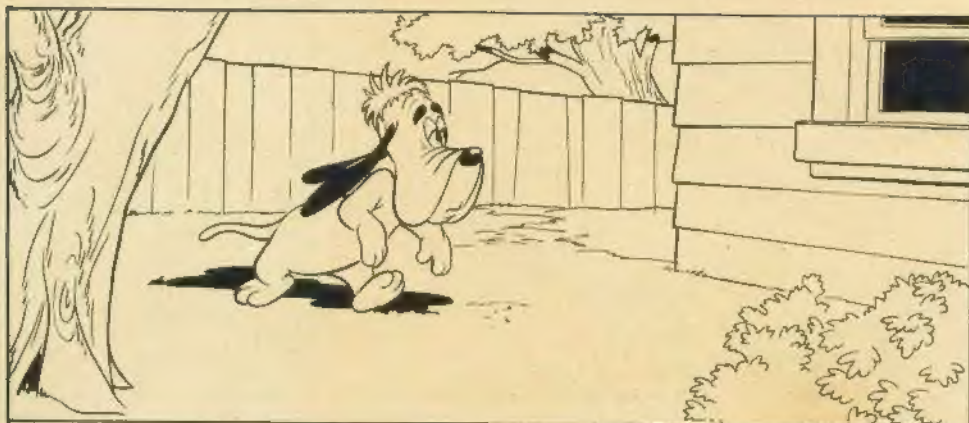
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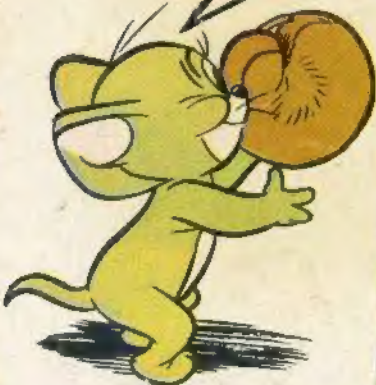
A DIRECT PITCH

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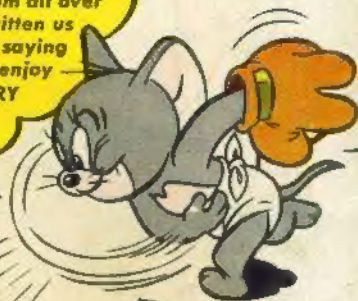
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